

200 300 H.

24 11a 30ra 300 70

Bremen

1841

11

Syddesay
on

The Wanderings
of
Syddia.

Mar. 8, 1889.

We left Damariscotta to-day for our long trip. The journey so far has been "un-
eventful". It is gloomy this time of year
between Boston and Maine. The marsh-
is frozen and white and dead. Clumps
of hay rise here and there making the
dreariness more dreary.

Nearly half of the school was at the
NewCastle Station to see me off. When
I reached Brunswick, Flye and Kelley
came down to say bon voyage. It is
pleasant to feel my boys are my boys
still even if they are in college.

To-night we are in the Fall River
boat, Pilgrim. It is a beautiful thing.
As we were coming along I noticed
the corn fields of last year had left
nothing but stubble as tokens of the
life and joy of last summer. As we
passed the gravestones I thought
how like the stubble they were.

Friday, Mar. 9.

This morning Belle and I arose early and
went out into the fog and cold to see New York.
We passed crafts innumerable. The elevator
boats looked very strange to me. We went

under Brooklyn Bridge, catching a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty through the fog.

Capt. Chapman met us, and here we are at the Pierrepont House.

After breakfast we went shopping. In the afternoon we went aboard the ship.

This evening we are glad to go to bed early.
Saturday, Mar. 11.

This forenoon went shopping, and over to the ship. After lunch we tried in vain to find a "Parlez-vous Français?" We went to the ship again. On our way home I saw an automobile, an awkward vehicle.

Sunday, Mar. 12.

After breakfast Belle and I went to the Church of the Holy Trinity. The building is very satisfactory to the eye. The responses were of great volume. The singing was somewhat disappointing. The sermon was extremely practical. We were told not to "busy ourselves here and there" and live the best things of life. On our return we met Capt. Gibbons of Bath. In a short time Capt. and Mrs. Nichols and Capt. Leonard joined us in a lunch party. I enjoyed their company very much. They told of

one captain who was the world's champion for swearing or praying. He went to Cadiff once in such a hurry that the copper plates were not nailed carefully upon the vessel. Consequently when he reached port he was in with flapping plates.

After lunch Belle & I went to mail - I wrote letters home -

After dinner we went into the parlor where I met Major and Mrs. Hammond, and Mrs. Dickenson and Rex, her son.

Such a pitiful name for him! Rex! I suppose when the mother gave this name to her baby boy, she dreamed of a time when he would be a king among men.

What a dreadful thing it must have been when she realized that in spite of all the aid their wealth could get her boy would never be strong. And later when she knew as long as he lived he would be a nothing tortured mass of human flesh. Poor mother. Many things money can not buy.

Monday. Mar. 13, 1900.

After breakfast we went shopping. In fact we have spent the greater part

of the day shopping getting the things we need for a four months' trip.

About five o'clock we left the Pierrepont and came aboard the Kelley. Now I feel as if I were beginning my trip in earnest.

The difference in the climate of New York and Maine is striking. Belle and I have had the windows open, all the time at the Pierrepont, Setters from Maine.

Tuesday, Mar. 14, 1899.

Head winds prevented us from sailing. We have had time to unpack and look over the ship.

She is about three hundred feet long. A beautiful ship she is in form. The cabins are not what I thought they would be. The after-cabin is finished in a peculiar dark wood that looks like lacquer. oak landscapes. On one side between the doors is Belle's piano. A side-board is on the opposite side. Two sofas are finished in the alcove on the third and fourth sides. A table in the centre and five or six chairs around complete the furnishings of this home like room.

Capt. Chapman bought two hundred books and Mrs. C. has brought her sewing-machine so I think we can find enough to keep us busy.

There is a crew of about thirty men. The mate eats with us. The other officers occupy a little mess-room off the dining room.

Wednesday Mar 15-

Heavy winds and rain. I am glad we did not go to sea yesterday. It is very as can be here to-day. I have cut my crash shirt, read a little Shakespeare, played whist, and tried to draw Jessie's picture. Jessie is the dog in the cabin.



The waves outside sound as if they were talking and chuckling over some good joke. Wrote some more letters home.

Thursday, Mar. 16, 1899.

We are being towed out. A big German

steamer has just gone by us. Her deck was black with passengers. I have written home to Fred the last letter I shall write home until I reach San Francisco.

We have passed Sandy Hook. The tug has just blown its three notes of farewell, and we are started in good earnest.

Afternoon -

The land has faded away. There is nothing to be seen but waves. They meet the ship everywhere. The eastern sky is gray at sunset, but the western sky was pink. The great waves dark as night tipped with white crests tossed wildly everywhere. A star and new moon shone faintly.

The ship seems alive. Its heaving seems like the heavy breathing of an athlete.

Wonderful to relate I have not been sea-sick. Capt. P. does not think I will be, as the ship has pitched badly to-day. Mrs. C. has been uncomfortable. I can not walk yet without reeling.

Friday, Mar. 17.

To-day has been much like yesterday. The water is very dark blue. The waves rising along the horizon seem like distant land. We saw a steamer bound for England this morning.

The wind has changed. I think they are expecting a storm, as the steward has lashed the mirror and lamps, and put rails on the dining-table. I have not been sea-sick to-day.

The weather is so warm that Belle and I spent quite a little of the day on deck in our shirt-waists.

Saturday, Mar. 18.

This morning there was very little wind. The water was a light blue. No birds could be seen. The only vestige of other life than ours was the drift of weeds in the Gulf Stream.

Belle and I sat on deck this morning and ate oranges. This afternoon a breeze ruffled the water which grew dark and rough. We staid on deck only a short time this afternoon. This evening played whist. We are going to play one long game between

here and San Francisco, Mrs. C. and myself against Capt. C. and Belle.

We are 24 to 25 in their favor. To-night the wind is blowing hard. It is squally. I think they are expecting trouble, for Capt. C. is not going to bed, and Belle is anxious.

I have finished my brown shirt waist, and tacked up my pictures to-day. It tires me to work; for as I can not keep my balance well, it tires me to work.

Sunday, Mar. 19.

This has been my first uncomfortable day. The sea frightened me when it broke over the ship. I did not know that it is a way the sea has, and I lay awake fearing I know not what.

To-night the gale is dying out, but the vessel still groans and frowns and I make the most mysterious dives when I start for anywhere. Mr. Downing the first mate thinks me very lucky not to sea-sick.

The waves were beautiful. The sun came out a few minutes and I watched the great dark blue swells of water strike the side of the

ship tossing spray and rainbows across the deck, and spreading out green as beryl beside the vessel.

One of the sailors got his head hurt. We have some queer people in the crew. One is a millionaire's son, his father wanted to get him away from the bad companions he had, so he was shipped for California.

The second mate pleases me. He is only twenty-two years old, He gives commands to men twice his age with all the pride and haughtiness of a smart young man.

I opened a letter from Sophie. It contained clippings from newspapers, a pretty French story, and a note from her.

I have read *Castle Dangerous*. It makes my head ache to read.

Monday, Mar. 20.

We began lessons to-day. Belle was a little sea-sick. The sea has been very rough. The wind has changed now, and I hope we shall have smoother weather.

To-day as I was reading *Corinne*

I found the following passage "Tout est
solennel dans un voyage dont l'Océan
marque des premiers pas; il semble qu'un
abîme s'entre'ouvre derrière vous, et que
le retour pourrait devenir à jamais
impossible. D'ailleurs le spectacle
de la mer fait toujours une impres-
sion profonde. Elle est l'image de
cet infini qui attire sans cesse la pensée,
et dans lequel sans cesse elle va se perdre

Tuesday, Mar. 21.

A glorious day. After lessons Belle
and I walked on deck until about seven
o'clock. I have never ^{before} seen anything so
solemn as an evening at sea. The
moon rules through the sky. The stars
look smaller and farther away, and
the waves roll, roll, roll as far as
you can see. God seems nearer
in all this infinite greatness.

Wed. Mar. 22.

I am up at about six o'clock. Like poor
Job, whose trials I am reading, "I am
full of tossings & and fro until the
dawning of the day." A heavy sea
that tips the soup threateningly is yet
in evidence.

Thursday. Mar. 23.

To-day is my birthday. I opened a box that Mary gave me to day. A pretty clipping-case from her and pictures of Emerson, Weston, and Mollie were in it.

Sighted a tramp steamer too far off me fear to read our signals.

Friday Mar. 24.

Four bells has just struck, and the response, "All's well", has been given. Belle and I have just come down from deck.

It is grand to night. Across the water is a silver bridge of moonbeams. As the vessel goes on its way it tosses the spray high in the air.

To-day at close of day the sun was "drawing water." The rays darting through the clouds made a tent, whose summit was hid in the clouds, a tabernacle filled with the glory of God.

Sunday. Mar. 26.

Three vessels were sighted last night. I have spent most of the day on deck. We eat and sleep so much of the time that I am pretty busy.

Coffee at six, breakfast at eight, dinner

at nine, recess and lunch at ten,
dinner at twelve, lessons from one
to three, tea and cake at three o'clock,
an afternoon nap, supper at six,
whist, and singing, and a lunch
at nine.

I get very tired it is so hard for
me to walk, but I am gaining strength,
and my cheeks are getting back their
color.

Mar. 27, Monday.

Heavy winds and a head sea, I do not
feel very well to-day.

Mar. 28, Tuesday.

It has been lovely weather to-day. My
head aches so, all I have done, besides
hearing Belle's lessons, is to read fifty
lines of Vergil.

Mar. 29, Wednesday.

Good weather again. I have felt faint
and feverish all day. This is the first
evening we have had without a moon.

A great azure arch overhead filled with
palpitating stars, and below a throbbing
ocean. Around the horizon are clouds
low and dark that look like great
waves climbing upon the sky. We

are within seven hundred miles of Africa,

Mar. 30. Thursday,

The day has been for the most part calm and pleasant. I finished my crash skirt. This afternoon the clouds began to gather. Every wind but the east brings rain in this part of the world, and these winds were southerly, so we had showers.

It will be just as still for a while. Then you will hear the officers calling some orders. Following the noise of the sailors comes the ^{making a noise} roaring of the wind. Then the sails flap like ~~grass~~ ^{grass}, and the rigging creaks, and the vessel groans. And then the rain or hail dashes upon the deck for half an hour. Then comes quiet again for a short time.

To-night the sea and sky seemed to change places. It was the sky that was dark and dull, but the sea was alive with flashing lights.

Mar. 31. Friday,

To-day I saw my first whale and was greatly disappointed. I thought at first it was spray from the waves, then I saw the brown body beneath, to my great as-

torishment, I realized there was a whale. But a whale is no 'animated squirt'.

Apr. 1, Sat.

To-day I saw a flying fish. They look like little silver arrows shot over the waves. I finished my handkerchief and cut my gingham skirt. I have read Virgil all my spare time to day.

Apr. 2, Sunday.

To-day is Easter Sunday. I opened a letter from Sophie to find an Easter card.

I am land sick to-day. I would rather see the blue of a single violet than all this wilderness of sky and sea.

At home at Easter there are suggestions of new life. The maples are reddening and the willows are yellow-green. The birch leaves peep out, and the robins and bluebirds are coming. The hepatica is in blossom. I would like to see a flower.

I would rather be sea sick than land sick.

We pass within sight of the Cape Verde Islands about twelve o'clock to-night.

The Southern Cross is rising and the North Star is sinking towards the horizon.

Monday Apr. 3.

To-day has seemed short. After lessons I took a nap. Then went up on deck. I read

and made a very unsatisfactory sketch.

Apr. 4.

Another short hot day, so hot I can not think, I have not seen the North Star for two nights, Haze near the horizon hides it.

The Southern Cross disappoints me, because it does not "blaze in glory."

Some petrels were around the ship to-day. They spread their wings and run along on the surface of the water, like Peter. Their flight is more tiresome to watch than a bat's. The day is so heavy. I began a story to-day.

Apr. 5. Wednesday.

It has been very warm to-day, but it is cool and cloudy this evening.

Jess was cunnin'g to-day. She sleeps at night on the cabin sofa. When her blanket is removed from it she is not allowed there; Belle and I studied in the large state room and I happened to get upon the sofa. Poor little Jess was vexed. At last she persisted in getting upon the sofa. Mrs. C. struck her and scolded her. Jess went up on deck, and lay with her nose upon her paw. She refused to eat, nor could Belle and I coax her down. Mrs. C. went up and spoke to her. Jess squealed and twisted and jumped up into Mrs. Chapman's lap she was so pleased.

The Capt. says Jess does not know she is a dog.
Apr. 6, Thursday.

Three weeks to-day since we started, I finished the first book of Virgil this forenoon. If I do not read more slowly, it will not last to San Francisco.

Signaled a French ship to-day. The method of signaling is interesting to me. First they brought out a long board with letters upon it, and a knob above each letter. This they hung upon the wheelhouse. Then they brought out the flags. These are of various shapes and colors. Each flag, representing a certain letter, was hung in its place. Different combinations of these flags say all that is necessary to say. By this time the strange ship was near enough for Capt. C. to send up flags giving the name of the ship, her home port, and asking to be reported 'all right'.

Then our colors were raised. The vessel replied with the French colors. It made me feel lonesome to see her leave us, dipping her flag, homeward bound.

Apr. 7.

A very hot day! We are within a hundred miles of the equator. The ship

is going very slowly, not more than three or four miles an hour. We had frequent showers with brilliant rainbows to-day.

Apr. 8.

It is so warm that I was glad to get up early. It is so calm the vessel is drifting around every way. The sailors caught a shark this morning and hauled ~~it~~ the length of the ship in order to bring a fair wind: but no fair breeze has blown to-day and the sun just bakes down through everything and makes your head ache.

Apr. 9. Sunday.

This morning the thermometer stood at 110° . I am working hard to keep cool.

Apr. 10. Monday.

Crossed the equator to-day. The heat is intense. Showers this afternoon were very pleasing. Sighted a steamer and a school of black fish. Twenty-fifth day out.

Apr. 11. Tuesday.

Another hot day. We are moving about three knots an hour, so have plenty of time to enjoy (!) the hot weather.

Apr. 12. Wed.

This weather is awful, I can neither work

eat, nor sleep it is so warm. The vessel is drifting slowly toward the south. There are frequent showers, and much heat lightning.

At first I did not like to be mastered on, but now I find it delightful to have ~~someones~~ ^{two Chinamen} and twenty-eight sailors ready to do things for me.

Apr. 13. Thurs.

It is just four weeks since we sailed. There is a fair breeze to-day, for which I am thankful. My head is as big as a waterpail.

Apr. 14. Friday.

Showers cooled the air to-day. This morning it was so hot in my stateroom, I went on deck about half past five.

The clouds, great, fleecy, heavy things, close to the ocean, took the place of forests.

When the sun rose they separated, and I never before saw such colors in the sky. Grays that changed gradually into blue and green; purples of all tints. I even saw odious magenta; blues as deep as the ocean's blue, and blues as bright as the sky; delicate pinks and yellows; — all these colors were flashing, rioting in the sea of golden light from the sun.

Apr. 15 -

It is cool enough for me to eat. The food is so different from what I thought it

would be I am going to write out bill of fare for a week.
Coffee - gingerbread. 6 o'clock.

Breakfast 8 o'clock.

Oatmeal, eggs, fried ~~potatoes~~ ^{potatoes}, bacon, tongues and
sausage, cold graham bread, hot rolls, fruit, and
coffee.

Lunch - 10 o'clock.

Corn-balls.

Dinner - 12 o'clock.

Clam soup. Salt fish, salt beef, ham, tea, pud-
ding.

Tea - 3 o'clock.

Tea, cake, crackers, jam.

Supper 6 o'clock.

Fish balls, sardines on toast, bread, cranberry sauce,
cookies.

Apr. 16, Sunday.

My face is blistered as I have been on deck
nearly all day. Learned Sunday School lesson,
read "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Vergil".

Breakfast 8 o'clock.

Baked beans, ham, corn beef, potatoes boiled
and fried, brown bread, graham rolls, and cof-
fee.

Dinner 12 o'clock.

Rice soup. baked chicken, potatoes, string
beans, lemonade, tea, and lemon pie.

Tea - 3 o'clock.

Crackers, cake, bread, marmalade -

Supper - 6 o'clock.

Cold meat, fried potatoes, bread, cake, cherry sauce.

Dinner - 9 o'clock.

Crackers - lemonade.

Monday - Apr. 17.

Calm and hot. How grateful New England would be for a little of this heat to-day.

Breakfast.

Mush, mackerel, ham and eggs;

Dinner -

Crackers and olives.

Dinner

Pea soup - cold tongue, salt beef, potatoes, cabbage, mince pie, lemonade, tea.

Tea -

Fruit cake, cookies, crackers -

Supper.


Baked potatoes, fish, cold meat, bread, peaches, and cake.

Dinner

Crackers and beer.

Monday Apr. 17.

I have been studying the Mother Carey chickens. They are pretty birds about as large as a robin I judge. They fly so swiftly I can not judge accurately. They have a slim very dark brown body.

A band of white surrounds them just above their tail. There is a stripe of lighter brown across their wings, that lights up to a bronze. When anything is thrown overboard that they wish to investigate, they hop along on the top of the water with the wings folded up like this  so they look like so many butterflies along.

If they find anything to eat they settle down and enjoy it. Otherwise they continue their darting about the ship.

They have a curious little plaintive chirp like a chicken some distance away. One of their names is petrel, because they, like Peter, try to walk on the water.

Tuesday - Apr. 18.

This morning I went on deck about six o'clock. A steamer homeward bound was going into the northern sky.

The sun has a curious way of leaping into sight at sunrise, and leaping out of sight at sunset. A few land birds have been around the ship.

Breakfast. sausage, bacon, mush, hot rolls, tripe, cold bread, coffee and tripe.

Lunch. crackers, cheese, tansans,

Dinner - Cornbeef, beefsteak pie, potatoes, turnip-apple pie.

Lunch - jam, crackers, cake, tea.

Supper, hash, chipped beef, cold bread, plums cookies.

Wed. Apr. 19.

We have been watching a revolving light on the coast of Brazil to-night. I have already crossed the Atlantic twice.

Breakfast.

Mush, Halibut's fin, bacon, mashed potatoes, Johnny cake, and coffee.

Dinner

Tomato soup, salt beef, tongue, canned corn, and muff.

I feel sick so I slept instead of having tea, Supper - Baked potatoes, stripped fish, chipped beef, prunes, bread, butter, and cookies.

Thurs. Apr. 20.

We are about twenty miles from the coast of Brazil. Little wind. The sailors caught several sharks. The cold, slimy, sluggish creatures are hideous.



Breakfast - Ham and eggs, hot rolls, coffee, griddle cakes and maple syrup.

Dinner - mutton soup, salt beef, mashed potatoes, turnip, bacon, ham, and duff.

Supper - fried potatoes, cold meat, bread, peaches, and cake -

Friday, Apr. 21

We began lessons ~~as~~ usual to-day, but the excitement on deck proved too much for us; so we had a holiday. We caught two sharks and a snapper. The last is a big reddish fish. The water was full of little, red, crab-like animals. The steward arranged a trainer for us, and we fished up quite a number.

This is a picture life size  Some were a brilliant red. A few were a dull white. There is a tiny dark spot on their backs. They have six claws with which they walked on the bottom of the dish into which we put them. When walking they look like this .

They curl their tails under their bodies. There are curious bristle like things growing from ^{the} different joints of the body that are kept in constant motion. They can go any way they want to with a sort of shooting motion.

At sunset we saw the mountains.

Breakfast - salmon, potatoes, bacon, buck-wheat cakes, coffee.

Dinner - Fish soup, tongue, fried fish, potatoes, strawberry pudding.

Supper - Beef, tongue, lobster salad, rolls

bread, cranberry sauce, cookies.

Saturday - Apr. 22.

As usual I went on deck about half-past six to study.

A steamer was going out of sight. Mr. Curtis told me they saw four last night.

I espied a bird in the water quite unlike the other sea birds I had seen. It was rounder and plumper and less active. I studied it sometime attentively.

When Mr. Curtis came around I said, "Will you, please, tell me the name of that bird?"

"Certainly, ma'am," said he without a shadow of a smile, "that is a hen whose neck the steward mung because she was sick, and then threw overboard."

This forenoon I ironed a shirt waist, and this afternoon did up some collars and cuffs.

A steamer passed us going south about half a mile away.

Sunday. Apr. 23.

It is the hottest day yet. This morning we tried to catch some of the little fish around the ship. They reminded me of yellow perch when they nibbled at the bait. Their mouths pouted out, and their back fins were spiny.

Their eyes seemed to be very far down on their bodies.

I have been reading Job. I like that. At first his perplexity. He knows he has lived a righteous life, he knows God is just, so he can not see why his sufferings occur. His faith in God in spite of everything is grand. And when at last he catches a glimpse of immortality, how like a trumpet rings his "I know that my Redeemer liveth and—yet in my flesh I shall see God." He seems more than repaid for his suffering.

I have sweat so profusely to-day that ^{the whole} my shirt waist sleeves are wet, and the water I have had to drink!

The Capt. wanted me to drink beer instead ~~by~~
A water-pump some distance off was another disappointment to me.

Monday. Apr. 24.

I fainted this evening. I guess it was the water I guzzled yesterday. I have my old trouble back. After this when it is so hot, I drink beer.

Tuesday Apr. 25—

I am tired, but feel better than I did yesterday.

Wednesday - Apr. 26.

This morning after I had finished my Vergil lesson I caught a dolphin. The rope blistered my hands so, I could not pull him in, and he got away before the sailors could come to help me pull it over the rail.

They are beautiful fish, shining with all kinds of colors.

Thursday - Apr. 27.

To-day I felt so miserable, I was obliged to give up and go to bed this afternoon.

Friday, Apr. 28.

I am better to-day. Heard Bulle's lessons all right. This evening it was squally. After the rain ceased falling, I went on deck. By holding the rails and side of the ship, I managed to get behind the wheelhouse. It was very dark except when a wave broke. Then a flood of light poured into the darkness. The vessel itself seemed riding through fire.

Saturday - Apr. 29.

Finished a shirt waist, and read "The Blithedale Romance". It has been a gray day and black birds have been falling and swirling heavily through the air in an uncanny way.

Sunday. Apr. 30.

After breakfast I put on thicker underclothing, and went on deck. A London steamer passed so near we could hear the swish of the water around her bows. I have felt considerably better to-day.

Monday. May 1.

Letter from Sophia this morning. I would like to see my home friends.

To-day the British cruiser, Pegasus, passed so near us we could hear the men drilling on deck.

They are some of the merdest sounding birds around the ship to-night. They make a noise that sounds like convulsive sobbing.

To-night as I stood watching the wake of the ship, I realized why the ocean is the symbol of eternity. This is what I felt—

Life

With wild waves buffeting on every side
A vessel through the darkness feebly goes
Leaving behind a faintly glowing wake—
And to the minds that sport about her sails
She utters a continuous refrain.

Ever the words repeating, "Now! now! now!"
With burst of melody the ocean waves

O'erwhelm the gentle moan and drown her wail,
Chanting in solemn tones, 'Eternity!'

But yet the vessel whispers, 'Now! now! now!'

Tuesday, May 2.

This evening has been grand. It was a struggle between light and darkness. In the sky was never a star. Heavens and ocean were pitchy black. But lightning flashed and leaped from cloud to cloud, and the waves bursting threw a glow over the dark waters.

Wednesday - May 3 -

I found a pretty good thing in an old judge that I copy.



I am standing
by the rail,
And I looking
rather pale.

Am I looking for a sail? No, I'm not.

I'm my father's only daughter, "Casting bread
upon the water" In a way, I had it ^{other}
and that's what

Friday - May 5.

It was so rough last night none of us slept well, so after hearing a few of Belle's lessons, school was dismissed for the day.

The oily smell from the cargo is very disagreeable when we have to keep the cabins shut up. It makes my throat smart and my head ache.

It has not been so rough before since I started. Mr. Curtis said the fore-castle head would be buried in the water at nearly every wave.

Thursday May 4.

The weather is so cold, I have on my winter clothing. Next month is midwinter here.

Head winds and oily smells have been the disagreeable features of the day.

I saw my first albatross.

Saturday - May 6.

Nothing has occurred to-day. The air is black with birds.

Sunday. May 7.

I have had a busy day. I have read one hundred lines of Vergil, written two sketches, read several magazines and finished studying the life of Jesus.

Blow the Man Down

Solo

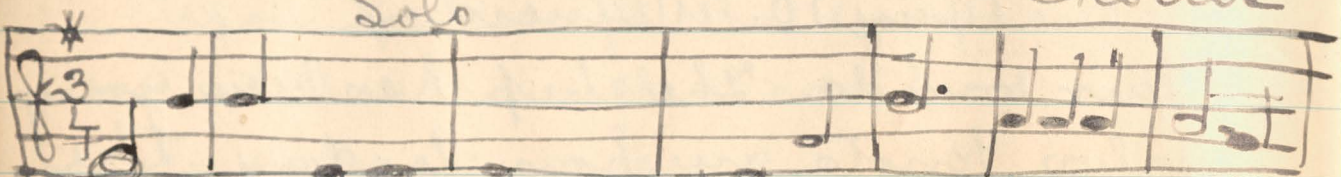
Cho



As I was a-walkin' a-long the fine street To my way. Ho! Blow the

Solo

Chorus



man down! as I was a-walkin' the fine street Give us some time to



As I was a walking along the
fine street

A pretty, young girl I chanced
for to meet -

May 11

This has been a beautiful day. After
lessons I made a collar and pasted
pictures in my scrap book -

May 12 -

Spent all my spare moments eulogizing

May 13 -

Such glorious sunsets as we are
having. We are a few miles out
from Argentine Republic. Its table
lands rise up purple against the
sky. The clouds next the sun are
a vivid gold that dazzles your eyes.
Above this is an arch of orange

that sends fringes down into the gold. Then a tawny flame ~~color~~ stretches to a heavy amethyst cloud that is tipped with pink. Orange clouds around the horizon run towards the north and south and up to the greenish-blue sky that is dotted with pink, amethyst, and purple clouds. In the east is a brilliant sun dog.

May 14. Sunday.

I got up early this morning to see the sun rise. Venus and one paler star shone above the dull copper clouds that edged the eastern horizon. The advance of the day drove these clouds away. Only a light haze hung over the sky. As the sun's rays touched it, it changed into an arch of gold that became larger and larger until at last, all glorious, the sun came ^{the sun} from the ocean. And against this brilliant background whirled the albatrosses, and the white crested waves leaped up to kiss the hem of the sun's garment. I could not help thinking of "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves."

Monday. May 15-

Work has gone hard to-day, I am almost worn-out.

Tuesday. May 16.

A fine, calm day. I have examinations. I had such a headache that I did not eat any breakfast, but went up on deck.

I like to watch the cape pigeons. They are pretty birds. There are four white spots on their wings and their ~~bodies~~ ^{backs} are spotted with white. Their bellies are white. Their heads are dark. They have a soft downy look like mothers. They alight on the water. Mr. Curtis threw over some bits of pork to them. When one would get a scrap it would fly along the water and the others would follow making a noise like a sitting hen.

Wednesday. May 17.

Finished a term of school. Begin a fortnight's vacation.

Thursday. May 18.

Sailed through the Straits of Le Maire. On one side is Tierra del Fuego, and on the other Staten Island. Staten Is-

1387. The sailor song asked for is as follows:

Come all ye bold fishermen, listen to me,
While I sing you a song of the fish of the sea;

Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly
blow,
We're bound to the south'ard, so steady
we go.

First comes the bluefish a-wagging his tail,
He comes upon deck, and yells: "All hands
make sail!"

Next come the eels with their nimble tails,
They jump up aloft and loose all the sails.

Next come the herrings, with their little
tails,
They manned sheets and halyards and set
all the sails:

Next comes the porpoise, with his short
snout,
He jumps on the bridge, and yells, "Ready
about!"

Next comes the swordfish, the scourge of
the sea,
The order that he gives is, "Hellum's
a-lee!"

Then comes the turbot, as red as a beet,
He shouts from the bridge, "Stick out that
foresheet!"

And having accomplished these wonderful
feats

The black bass sings out next to "Rise
tacks and sheets,"

Next comes the whale, the largest of all,
Singing out from the bridge, "Haul taut
mainsail, haul!"

Then comes the mackerel, with his striped
back,
He flops on the bridge, and yells, "Board
the main tack!"

Next comes the sprat, the smallest of all,
He sings out, "Haul well taut, let go and
haul!"

Then comes the cat-fish with his chuckle-
head,
"Out in the main-chains for a heave of the
lead!"

Next comes the flounder, quite fresh from
the ground,
Crying, "d— your eyes, chuckle-head, mind
where you sound!"

Along comes the dolphin, a-flapping his tail,
He yells to the boatswain to reef his fore-
sail.

Along comes the shark, with his three rows
of teeth,
He flops on the foreyard and takes a snug
reef.

Up jumps the fisherman, stalwart and grim,
And with his big net he swoops 'em all in.
Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly
blow.

We're bound to the south'ard, so steady
we go.

J. E. W., Jr.

in a little book of
The book is en-

N. G. G.

The
Is d
Sees
Enco

The w
Long
While
Keep

The pa
th
Has pi
to
And ble
m
Bids me
ha

The thro
dout
And fear
And foes
Or go al

The cross
It long, a
And faint
Where cro
hand

I copl
do not

1413.
Crump

1419.
which
is the
Munby
from
the fu
artles

I sat
He

land is the most jagged bit of land I ever saw. Tierra del Fuego looked like a desolate country. We saw no signs of life except a mission station at the Bay of Good Success.

Finished third book of the Aeneid. The rhythm of Vergil seems like the dashing of the waves.

Friday - May 19.

Very rough. The ship rolls awfully. I have not done much but paste pictures to-day.

Saturday - May 20.

Rougher. The slatting of the ship threw me across the cabin to-day. I think some thing is the matter. Capt. C. tries to be just the same, but he trumped his ^{partner's} ~~face~~ to-night. The men are pumping, too, a great deal of the time. The ship makes funny noises, too, when she rolls.

How Aunt Abbie would feel if I do not get home! She encouraged my coming.

Sunday. May 21.

Roughest. Squally with frequent showers of hail. Last night the carpenter and cabin boy were washed out of beds.

Monday. May 22.

Last night was awful. The ship took in a sea that crushed our boat. The dead eyes dipped under the seas. They thought the masts would roll out of her.

The cargo is loose and we are on our way to the Falkland Islands to make repairs.

Tuesday. May 23.

We are anchored in Port Stanley, ^{William} To-day is the Queen's birthday, and they are celebrating the pilot told us.

We can not see the town from where we are anchored. We are in a long narrow bay dotted with islands. On one side is a long point with a lighthouse at its extremity. At a short distance from the light house Seal Rocks lie black and threatening. The white foam of the breakers flies high above them. It was here the City of Philadelphia was lost with all on board.

The hills of the mainland have cliffs of some thing that looks like

trees, but the pilot calls them tursocks. I do not know what he means. There is a long level space that runs in-land from the deegshethouse. On the opposite side are cliffs and hills.

It seems good to be quiet again. I am not afraid to die, but I do hate to have breath rattle me around like a die in a dice-box to see if he loses or wins. He has lost this time.

The port-side of the house is crushed. One boat is smashed to pieces, but no lives are lost. Yesterday we did not know whether we should reach land and to-day we are mourning the loss of our potatoes that were washed overboard. How queer we are.

There are ugly-looking black and blue spots ^{on my body} where I was thrown against things as I tried to move around.

Sunday. May 28.

I have been giving my journal a vacation while I have been shipwrecked. I am too tired to write about it fully now.

Monday. May 29.

Last Wednesday when Capt. Chapman

came on shore to enter ship. Mrs. C., Belle, and I came too. This is the first time they ever met ashore with the Captain when he entered ship. They have always waited until his second trip.

The American consul, Mr. Bowen, invited us to his house to lunch. He and his wife met us at the wharf. We had a pleasant time, and three o'clock came quickly.

We went down to the wharf, but the pilot was late. It was nearly half past three before we could start. When we reached the jetty the captain told us it was so rough outside we would find it somewhat difficult to get up the rope ladder. They did not have the gang plank out - and advised us to wait until morning. The Sissy is such a rolling, crazy little craft we decided after some talk to stay in Port Stanley over night.

Accordingly we came to Miss Kerrans to supper. Belle and I were going to the Consul's after tea.

In the evening it began to rain, so we concluded to stay here.

We were having a pleasant time when someone called for Captain Chapman. He was told that they were firing blue lights and rockets on the ship. We could not think that anything could be the matter unless some of the barrels that they had been removing had rolled and hurt someone.

Capt. C. started out to find the captain of the Sissy. He absolutely refused to go. It was one of the most dreaded squalls by the people here. They know better than we what it meant.

Until eleven o'clock Capt. C. tried in vain to get ~~help~~^{a boat}. Then he succeeded. He came to the house to get something he needed.

And in spite of Mrs. C's anguish, he went where duty commanded. When I saw him take her arms away from his neck so tenderly, and, smiling to give her hope, go forth to possible death, it scorched the selfishness out of my soul. He is one of the best men I have ever known.

Until half past two we waited, and the storm grew wilder and milder. The house shook and trembled, and shook down the chimneys like a crew of drow-

ing men - Every gust that shook the house might be bringing death to the men on Capt. C. About half past two he returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurman, Miss Biggs and Mr. Biggs did every thing in their power to entertain us. May I never see such a night again!

The next day the gale was over, Capt C. with launch and cutter started from the ship. We did every thing we could to kill time. This afternoon we went to Miss Rowen's. She took us to walk. We met Mrs. Guy-Wilson, the Governor's wife, and she invited us in to have a cup of tea.

As we came back we met the Capt. on the jetty and learned that the John R. Kelley is a total wreck. She is such a pretty thing, it is too bad!

All the men were saved and our horses are spared. They say no woman never could have lived through the cold and fight.

Capt. C. told me a week ago he had

made up his mind that none of us would ever reach port. The heavy cargo had broken the ship. That was why she acted so queerly in the gale, and why the bowsprit rolled from side to side, and why the companion way doors worked up and down. During the gale he had decided that, if she foundered, he would lock the companion-way doors, so that the fish could not get at us, and we would go down with the ship. Had we been a day later we should ~~not~~ have made port.

Belle and I spent the evening at the Consul's. They laugh themselves to tears when I recite.

We are having a great time, Belle and I.

This evening they had a dance for us. They do not dance as we do.

Mr. Herning called to-day, I was glad to see him.

Tuesday, May 30.

A busy day! I have not felt well. Mr. Herning, Mrs. and Miss Biggs, Mrs. and Miss Rorer, Miss Kirwan, Miss Bournes and Mr. Aspinall were

came on shore to enter ship. Mrs. C., Belle, and I came too. This is the first time they ever met ashore with the Captain when he entered ship. They have always waited until his second trip.

The American consul, Mr. Bowen, invited us to his house to lunch. He and his wife met us at the wharf. We had a pleasant time, and three o'clock came quickly.

We went down to the wharf, but the pilot was late. It was nearly half past three before we could start. When we reached the jetty the captain told us it was so rough outside we would find it somewhat difficult to get up the rope ladder. They did not have the gang plank out - and advised us to wait until morning. The Sissy is such a rolling, crazy little craft we decided after some talk to stay in Port Stanley over night.

Accordingly we came to Miss Kerrans to supper. Belle and I were going to the Consuls after tea.

In the evening it began to rain, so we concluded to stay here.

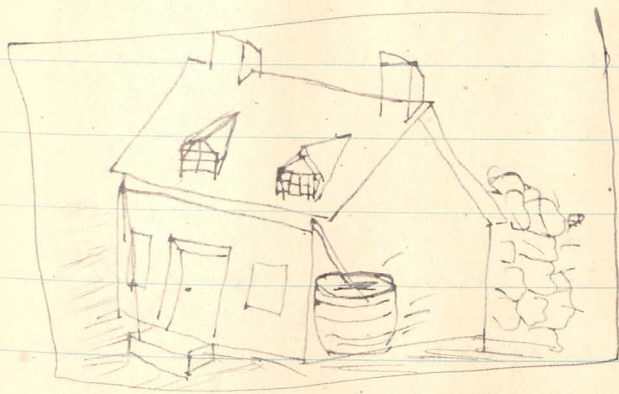
taught us to dance the Sancers a la
Kelper. It is as funny as it is ugly.
There is one change they make with
two couples that is particularly awkward.
One of the men Chassés
backwards with the two ladies across the hall,
with the other gentleman following
the three, then the three drive him
backwards to the starting point.

Friday - June 1.

A blessed, stormy day! No callers
except Mr. Curtis and Mr. Derrig.

Saturday June 2.

Still storming. Here are some of the
houses that I can see from my room.



The Custom House

Great piles of peat are behind most of the
houses. Many of the cottages have no
windows at the side. Great water hogs-
heads catch water to use for wells and
springs are few in this queer place.

It is gloomy enough this winter. It has rained every day since we came.

The water in the harbor lies dull and sullen, or else is angry and threatening. I have not seen it once look bright and sparkling as the water does at home. The harbor is full of the hulks of worn out vessels. It is a sort of hospital and graveyard for ships here.

Sunday, June 4.

After church went to Consul Barren's to lunch. Attended church again in the evening. I never felt more at home in my life in a strange church, and no one has welcomed me. I wonder why we are taught that people can be strangers in a temple dedicated to our Father.

Monday June 5.

Went to the wharf. No more of my things have come. My books are gone. It will take some time for me to get on my feet again. Mr. Sibby and Mr. Curtis were here this evening. Mr. Biggs, too, called.

Tuesday, June 6.

Worked all day. We were invited to Miss Skisvick's this evening. We called on Mrs. Brandon and Mrs. Ballou today. Mrs.

Bullion has a fine house. Her lawn is well kept, dries cover the enclosing fences. Tufts of tussock alternating with shrubs form a sort of hedge, and the dear little daisies look like smiling snow flakes.

Wednesday - June 7.

I was sick with a headache this afternoon, but this evening I went to Mrs. Biggs. We had a pleasant time - Mrs., Mr., and Miss Mc Carthy and Mr. Montague Cragie - Halkett were there.

They know how to enjoy themselves, these English people - better than we do.

Mr. Biggs tried to teach me cribbage while the others were playing whist. After our game we went out in the sitting room where we all danced the lancers. Then we waltzed. By that time the older people had finished their game of whist, so they sang college songs.

Miss Biggs insisted upon my reciting, and Mrs. Biggs sang a solo.

Then refreshments were served - wine, biscuit, coffee, cake, jelly and lemonade. It was past twelve when we

came home -

Thursday - June 8.

The ground is quite white with snow. This morning Belle and I went up on the top of the hill above the town. The slope is steep. The roads run across the hill in sort of terraces. There are no carriages used here.

From the top of the hill is a pretty view. Across the harbor lies the very lonely hills. Bulls rest in the port, and the bay winds in and out like a river.

We went to the Consul's to tea. I like his daughter much. She is a typical Western girl, rather pretty, lively, defying all laws of convention. Unrulyish and altogether sweet and lovable.

It was a good joke on us. We supposed 'read would' be served sometime during the meal, as it was not after ~~not~~ dinner, and we waited for it. Consequently we came home hungry.

Friday June 9.

We visited the priest's school to-day. They have about sixty scholars in two

small rooms, I did not stay in the room where the primary scholars are, but went to the grammar room. There were no blackboards. One side of the room was covered with rules and definitions connected with English grammar. When one of the children used poor English, the other children corrected him, and pointed to the rule he had broken.

Their work in ~~English~~ ^{analysis} and parsing was very good - and in composition work they excelled scholars of their age at home.

They had a spelling contest too, and their work was remarkably good.

Father D'Grade did not debate his knowledge and talk down to them.

I wonder if we make our work too easy at home.

I met Mr. Beanie of the Pegasus. Mr. Gordon called this evening.

Saturday June 10.

This has been an awful day. Mrs. P. has not been well.

Sunday June 11.

Went to church this morning - Almost froze.

Went to walk this afternoon with the Misses Sillman and Winnie.

The more I see her, the better I like her, this evening Mr. Dalkett, the Colonial Secretary's SON, called to talk us to church-

Father Diamond is a talented speaker, & wonder how these Fathers accustomed as they have been to being in the world, can stay here in this out-of-the-way hole. I suppose it is for the Work's sake -

Thursday. June 13 -

A very stormy day, but the Misses Kirman and Father O'Grady were here.

He was telling us about the Mission work at Tierra del Fuego. Father O'Grady declared that it requires almost supernatural power to work with the natives. Their judgment is like that of children. They do not obey readily. It requires an infinite amount of patience to work with them.

Monday June 12 -

This evening a few of the young people came in. First Mr. Williams. He is very polite and agreeable. Mr. Montague Craigie-Hubbart was here to lunch. - It must be very lonesome to feel

as if you were away above other people.

Wednesday. June 14.

It is hard to have to work and go so much in spite of sickness, I went with the others to Mrs Biggs'. I was too ill to enjoy myself much.

Mr. Williams has sent me "A Romance of Two Worlds" to read.

Mrs. K. says his father is one of the wealthiest men in southern South America. Mr. Williams is so courteous and clever, he does not make you think of his money when you are talking with him, I feel frightened when I begin, but I forget.

Thursday. June 15.

Winnie called for us and we went to call on the Feltors. They have a lovely home. Mrs. F's diamonds were almost barbaric. Winnie is about to be engaged to the son of the family I think.

Friday June 16.

Mr. and Miss Williams called on us this afternoon. We went to the Consul to tea. This evening we went to Miss Lewis's where we spent a very enjoyable evening. Belle staid with Winnie, so Mr. and Miss Williams walked home with me.

Saturday - June 17.

Mrs. Gray Wilson called this afternoon. It is queer to see how people adore their Governor's wife, and think it such an honor to be noticed by her. She was very affable to me, today. Minnie says "the upper crust," here think that I am very clever, and wish to cultivate my acquaintance.

Miss Briggs was here to tea.

Sunday - June 18.

Went to church this morning with Mr. Curtis who happened along as I started.

Tellie Felton came in after church.

We were going to Chapel this evening, but at supper time the Pilot came in and told us another American ship had come in in distress. The "Pyra Wakefield" left New York ^{about} a fortnight after we did.

Mrs. P. heard Capt. Perry who had been killed in a storm off the Cape. She fainted, and we spent the evening trying to entertain her.

It seems hardly credible that we will be on the ocean homeward bound next Sunday -

Mon

Monday - June 19.

We reached this morning. This afternoon - I went to the Consul. Stayed all night with Winnie. After office hours the Consul came in and insisted upon my reciting "Lord Dunsinane." He laughed until I thought he would die - and begged me to sing it the second time. He told me that I had missed my calling and ought to be on the burlesque stage. I felt much flattered.

Tuesday - June 20.

To-day the Consul hired the Sissy, and wanted me to go with them and Miss Bournes to the Wakefield and Kelley. It was sad to see the beautiful Kelley so shattered and helpless.

Went to a dance this evening with Belle. I got too tired to enjoy myself.

Wednesday - June 21.

Called on Mrs. Greg. Wilson this afternoon. It was not so bad as I thought it would be. I can drink tea and eat the saw-dusty short cake quite well now.

Thursday - June 22 -

To-night we went to a skate. I do wish the people were not so kind. I

am getting very tired.

Friday - June 23

After tea Belle and I went to walk. Nellie Briggs was here this evening. Mrs. "Sweets" from Mr. Williams. He is very kind to us.

Saturday June 24

Called on Miss Briggs, Miss Lewis, and Miss Kover. This evening we spent at the German Consul's, Mr. Schott, Ltd. We are going to wait and go home on the Wakefield. I am somewhat disappointed.

Sunday - June 25 -

Snowing and very cold, so I did not go to church.

The man who was killed on the Kelley was buried to-day.

The Club followed the family in the procession. Four of the members of the Club bore the coffin as there is no hearse in Stanley.

As the deceased was an American, our flag was draped about the coffin.

The procession swept around the Stanley Arms to avoid carrying the corpse twice over the same road.

This they summed another death in their membership before the year was over.

All the houses along the road had their blinds drawn.

Mrs. Brandon called yesterday and wanted to come down to the Vestry after the funeral to look over books. Just as I reached the Church Miss Bourne appeared - We had a pleasant time.

Mr. Williams, Mr. Greenfield, and Mr. Rose called this evening before church. We are invited there to-morrow evening.

Mrs. Schlotfeldt called and we all went to Chapel. Father Diamond preached again.

Monday, June 26.

This afternoon Vellie Peiges and I visited the Government School. The accommodations were very poor. The children sat on long backless benches. The floor was black with dirt. There was only one room for the two teachers. Miss Kirwan seems like a very good teacher. I do not think much of

Mr. Duvall's note.

This evening we went to Mr. Williams where we had a pleasant time. He asked if he might write to me after I go home -

Mr. Biggs called to see me before I went.
Tuesday - June 27.

I have had one of the pleasantest days I have had since I have been here -

This afternoon Miss Bournes invited me to tea. She is delightful.

This evening we went to Father O'Grady's.

Father O'Grady and Father Diamond seem like two college boys -

Father Diamond taught Bill and I how to play Casino while Father O'Grady was playing whist with Capt. and Mrs. C. and Mrs. Biggs.

Then they sang "Swanee River," "Little Brown Jug," "Old Black Joe," and some other plantation songs. They told the funniest stories in the funniest way.

Beer and wine was served to us women, while the men had whiskey.

In spite of all my prejudices, the whiteness and sanctity of the men

shone through all they did and trans-
figured it.

Father O'Grady seems to have conquer-
ed "the world, the flesh, and the devil"
if he does win "Little Brown Jug."

Father Diamond seems younger, and
less tired than Father O'Grady.

Wednesday. 29

Bill and I called at Mrs. Lewis's, Mrs.
Correns and Mrs. Brandons. Minnie
Towner spent the afternoon here.

Miss Rygo was here to tea,
I had a pretty letter from Mr.
Williams.

Thursday June 30

Called to say good-byes to Miss Bonner
and Miss Bowen this morning.

Came aboard the Wakefield this
afternoon.

What a novel this trip would
make!

Friday June 30

This morning I got up early and went
to work. I unpacked my trunk, packed
my things away and have just finished
clearing up my room when the launch
arrived with Mrs. Curran, Miss Rygo,

and little Nellie Elton came out.

Miss Briggs is the most unselfish soul I have ever met.

Mr. Williams sent us some 'Sweets.'
I am going to be very lonely this voyage
& think. Sometimes I feel as if I shall
never see America again.

Saturday July 1.

Mrs. Briggs came off early this morning on the
launch. She is so serene I like to watch her.

About two o'clock we went ashore. Called at Mrs.
Kivari's, Mrs. Rorer's, and Mrs. Briggs', besides
doing our shopping.

Nellie Briggs came off to stay all night.

Sunday. July 2-

A rough stormy day that has kept visitors at
home. I found these notes on the Falkland Islands
that I copy.

These Islands lie about 300 miles from the Straits
of Magellan between ^{about} 57° 15' and 57° 40' 62' N W.

They consist of East Falkland (area 3000 sq. miles)
and West Falkland (2300 sq. miles) and upwards
of 100 small islands (islets, rocks, or sandbars)
Comprise about 6000 sq. miles. Population about 2000.
Mt. Adams the loftiest peak rises 2315 feet
above the level of the sea.

The Falklands were discovered by Harris

in 1592. They belonged successively to France and Spain, in '77 they were given to England. In 1820 it was settled by the Argentine Republic, in 1831 the Americans took possession and kept it until 1883 when they were settled and colonized by the English.

It is England's most southern colony, and one of her wealthiest in proportion to its size.

The climate is healthy. The temperature equable. The thermometer ranging from 30° to 50° in winter, and from 40° to 55° in summer.

The chief occupation is sheep raising. Kitchen gardens occupy the only cultivated parts.

The chief exports in 1892 were wool £ 92433, sheep-skins £ 15976, frozen mutton, £ 7152, and tallow £ 4234. The total tonnage of vessels entered and cleared in 1892 was 89328.

There are three places of worship, Catholic, Church of England, and Presbyterian.

The only important settlement is Port Stanley, at the head of Port William on the coast of the East Falkland.

South Georgia, an island 800 miles east-south-east of the Falklands with an area of 1,000 sq. miles, and other small uninhabited islands are comprised in this colony.

1892
Amt of public revenue. £ 11485

Amount of public expenditure £ 10944.

Total imports £ 70.38

" exports £ 126312

The government is vested in a Governor, aided by an Executive Council of three members, and a Legislative Council, the members of both being appointed by the crown.

Gov. Wm. Grey Wilson, C. M. G. (and Jus.) £ 2000
Bishop, Rt. Rev. W. A. Sterling, D. D.

Col. Sec. F. Craigie-Walkett £ 600

Col. Treas. L. A. Fraser £ 350

Col. Surg. S. Hamilton, F. R. C. S. I. £ 300

Col. Chap. The Very Rev. Chap. Deane Brandao, M. A. £ 200

Gov. Clerk. C. W. Hill £ 2000

Treas. Clerk. W. Coulson £ 235

Transit 33 days Parcels per lb. to 11 lbs. 1d

Telegrams or Cables sent by post to Monte Video.

Monday - July 3.

Mrs. Kirvan, the Consul, and Miss Rogers visited us to-day. Winnie is going to stay all night. Note from Mr. Williams.

We sail to-morrow if the wind is fair.

Tuesday - July 4.

Head winds.

Our nation's birthday, Winnie Belle, Mrs. P., and the Capt. went on shore. We shopped all the while we were there. Mr. W.

left his office and walked down to the Consulate with us. He has been kind to me.

There were several stars and stripes floating to-day in Stanley, Dear old Gloy! You never see one looked so good to me.

The English and German flags were waving too to celebrate our Fourth of July. It is snowy to-day, the first Snowy Fourth I have ever seen.

Mrs Schlotfeldt sent me some pressed pansies. Nannie said Mrs. Grey-Wilson expressed her sorrow at not knowing me better after hearing so much of my cleverness. When she called on us the seventeenth of June, she intended to take me up, and the severe illness of the Governor prevented.

Wednesday July 5.

Still head-winds are blowing, so I have had time to pack away everything in ship shape order, and answer my notes.

Thursday July 6

Such a gloomy day as this is. The great gray ledges top the hills. Brown fields edge the shore. Breakers fringe the shore flying high above the land that runs out into the sea; screaming gulls with white tipped wings,

I would like a painting of Tussac Island as it looks now. Breakers at its sides dash high on its bluish-gray sides. They whiten the reef on which the Kelley has wrecked. The fog hangs low so the base of the Island is indistinct, but the sun strikes its top and crowns it with light.



You can just see the masts of the Kelley through the morning's haze -
She comes -



The Pilot Boat.

to take us out to sea -

I hate to start. Feel as if I were in a coffin.

But we are starting, and I wonder if I shall ever see land again.

The Wakefield is a very homely awkward ship. Her deck looks much like the lid of a coffin.

Here we go by!



The Gloomy Cliffs of the Falklands

The Kelly at rest on the reef is dipping her flag good-bye. It is sad to leave her behind.

This afternoon a heavy sea is on. I feel headachy. Perhaps I shall be sea sick.

July 7.

Last night I had just settled myself safe and sound in my bunk, when I heard a funny rumbling heavy noise. A tremendous sea struck my window, and turned about a barrel of water on my bunk. If I hadn't seized the outer blanket and shook off the water on the floor before it had time to wet through.

Then the ship gave a lurch the other way, and I could hear Mrs. Chapman calling, "Omar! Omar!" amidst the swash of water and the crash of broken glass.

If I leaped to learn a sort of tidal wave had overtaken us. The few clothes and books that escaped from the Kelly were

cherched. When I think of four months of
this - O dear!

July 8, Saturday -

A long, tiresome day. I read, sewed, croch-
ed, and slept, read, sewed, crocheted and slept
and hated myself -

July 9, Sunday -

I found two bits of poetry that I like so well, I copy
them.

' I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a ^{heart} ~~smile~~ of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God: that somehow true and just
His plans work out for mortals: not a tear
Is shed, when fortune that the world holds dear
Slips from his grasp; better with truth a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot.
But with a smile and words of hope, gives rest
To every toiler. He alone is great
His ^{by} a life heroic conquers fate. "

' I go to prove my soul!

See my path as birds their trackless way,
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first
I ask not; but unless God send his hail

In blinding fireballs, sleet, or shifting snow
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the birds.

In his good time! Brooming.

Monday - July 10.

Last night the ship rolled so that none of us
slept so I feel like a fool to day. Began lessons.

Tuesday - July 11.

To-day was a real sea day. Lessons till
three, then afternoon tea, sewing, crocheting
a walk on deck and casino.

Wednesday - July 12.

A rough day. Just like yesterday.

Thursday - July 13.

A much pleasanter day than we have
had since we left. The ship is going four-
teen knots an hour. It seems as if she
can not get to America soon enough.

Friday - July 14.

To-day was glorious, full of brightness
and sunshine. It has been some time since
I have seen the sun shine all day.

Saturday - July 15.

A strong wind. We are going about 260 miles
a day now.

Sunday - July 16.

Finished my scrap-book and read -

Monday July 17.

I have had hard work to possess my soul
in patience to-day. Found a poem I admire.

Out of the night that covers me

Black as the pit from pole to pole,

I thank whatever gods there be

For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,

I have not winced or cried aloud.

Under the bludgeonings of chance

My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears

Looms but the horror of the shade.

And yet the menace of the years

Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishments the scroll.

I am the master of my fate,

I am the captain of my soul.

Keats.

Tuesday July 18.

To-day has been exactly like yesterday. Strong
winds blowing. The ship does not roll steadily.

She clats disagreeably,

Wednesday - July 19.

Another rough day. but the wind that makes it so rough is carrying us home very fast.

Thursday - July 20 -

It is so grand to-night. The sky is dark and the stars slide so ^{so} brilliantly out - how we rush by the heaving, swirling waves. It seems like life.

Friday July 21.

A pretty day this has been. Fluffy clouds in the sky. Glashing, rushing, leaping waves darting by with strong winds that fill our sails and speed us on our way; gulls that skim and float above the water, and the sunlight bathing all.

Saturday, July 22 -

Cut some underclothes, and hated myself. Feel like a caged tiger.

Sunday, July 23.

I finished reading "Hervard the Wake." I find it an interesting story.

Poor Mrs. Chapman is having such a time over John Halifax!

I pity her when folks talk to her - and she tries to talk

It is awful to "live upon nothing but victuals and drink".

We are off Cape Good Hope with a head wind.

Monday - July 24 -

Head winds! Finished hemstitching a cuff, learned a Spanish lesson, and heard Belle's lesson.

Tuesday - July 25 -

Heavy seas and head winds. We have gone only 240 miles in two days. The ship rolls around in a most uncomfortable way.

Wednesday - July 26.

A very pleasant day. Finished "Water Babies".

Thursday - July 27.

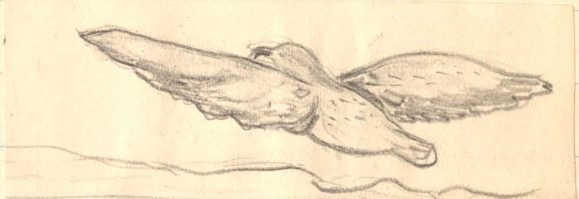
Three weeks out. Calm. I starched and ironed.

The Chinese steward caught a Cape Pigeon to-day.

Its feathers are very thick. Its breast is white. Its back spotted with black. Its wings are white edged with black and spotted so that it looks like a butterfly sailing over the water.

Its bill was peculiar. It looked down over, and the nostrils were nearly

half way down. There were ridges on the side of its bill. Its feet of course are webbed. It could not fly from the deck and became seasick, as all seabirds do on board a ship.



We passed the "Grace Darling" from New York to-night. She was so near we could hear them talking.

We hailed her, and she replied:

Ships that pass in the night
And ~~talk~~^{speak} each other in passing.

Only a signal shown and a distant
voice in the darkness."

Friday - July 28.

Heavy head seas, but a fair strong wind that is carrying us homeward eleven knots an hour. I am finding Spanish easy to read. My knowledge of French and Latin make it almost "translatable" at sight.

Saturday - July 29.

Almost calm. I have been ironing and sewing all day.

Sunday - July 30 -

Head winds. Read "Marcella"

Monday - July 31.

Calm. Washed before lessons and sewed after lessons.

Tue. 1.

Ironed to-day after lessons.

Tue. 2.

Head aches again. Began "By Order of the King."

Tue. 3.

Finished "By Order of the King." It is awful. Just past Madagascar. Pretty rough.

Tue. 4.

Very rough to-day. I was thrown across the cabin and hurt my hand. It is badly swollen. The vessel is so loaded that she jerks and slats when she rolls.

Sat. Aug. 5.

A hard day to do any thing. The vessel rolls terribly, but we have been going ahead fast, and if we get by Australia, we shall have better weather.

A gale at sea is not like a gale at home. The wind follows or precedes showers of rain or hail. The sky is duller, and the ocean dull gray except where the waves break into spray. Silent and expectant every thing seems. Then comes a change. Far off a veil is hung

between us and the horizon. Closer and closer
it comes. Rougher and rougher grows the
water. Louder and louder shriek the waves.
The sea breaks over the side of the ship, and
the men run about in water sometimes
knee-deep, to execute the hurried commands.

Meanwhile the rain has drawn so near
you can hear it on the water. Then with
a howl the winds seize the struggling sails
and the waves deal blow after blow on the side
of the ship. She staggers, and reels under the
blows.

But the sails burst to-day. I advise any-
one whom a doctor tells to take a sea-trip
for one's health to take strychnine instead.

Sunday - Aug. 6.

Another rough day. I found a poem by Miss
Wilcox that I like.

Fate

One ship drives east and another drives west
With the self-same winds that blow.

'Tis the set of the sails

And not the gales

Which tells them the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life.

'Tis the set of the soul
That decides the goal
And not the calm or strife

Monday - Aug. 7.

Directly south of India going towards home
at the rate of eleven knots an hour for which
I am truly thankful, if I am tossed about
like a shuttle cock.

Tuesday - Aug. 8.

A beautiful day and a lovely evening. A
pale young moon at sea is something that
rests and quiets you. You do not feel like
talking in her presence.

Wednesday - Aug. 9.

Another pleasant day, but shifting heads
minds. The present second mate is disagreeable.

Thursday - Aug. 10.

Five weeks out from Stanley, and we calmed
in the middle of the Indian Ocean. I learned
today that the back of the cape-pigeon is gray-
ish black or brown. Some almost dove-colored
ones have been around to-day.

Friday Aug. 11.

Still the calm lasts. Washed to-day. I
found a Rockland Gazette among the old
papers and in it is the poem called
"The Zion's Cub."

The Lion's Cub.

The whelp, that nipped its mother's dug
In turning from her breast,

And cracked its lusty limbs, and built
Its own lair in the West,

Has stretched its limbs and looked about and
roared across the sea.

"O mother! I didn't bite thee hard, but still thou
lovest me."

She lifts her head and listens as if waking from a dream.
Her great jaws set, her claws outspread, her lion eyes
aglare.

The voice is deep as thunder on the far rugged rim
And up the mother spoke and said, "It can be none but mine."

Cried England to America, "My ancient love abides
And the old Trafalgar courage, till upon the ocean ride;
America to England spoke, "The God of Liberty
Goes with us marching up the land, and sailing
down the sea."

And the twain are joined for hunting, let the lesser packs beware,
The tiger's kith, the panther's kin, and the race hordes of the bear,
They two step forth together. God's hand has struck the
hour.

All pathways lead to freedom, each footstep broadens power,

The world is still in dull amaze, agape and dazed to hear,
There is a rustling of the thrones uneasy far and near,
King leaning unto King, and on Oppression's hateful throne
A pallor as the wind brings in the booming of the ships.

The star is up, the star of splendor, never to set or wane;
The flag leads on, the flag of glory, never to run again -
And where it goes, we cheer and follow, no man of us
will fail.

We all are where our armies camp, and where our navies fall,

World-conquering mother! hard ^{thy cub} ~~heart~~ bit, turning from thy ^{heart}
Yet ~~thine~~ thy voice he honors, thy name that he loves best.
For the blood the mother gave him is the old imperial
strain.

She bore one cub - one only - but it wears the hero's name.

Maurice Thompson.

Sat. Aug. 12 -

Another calm day - I have sown, staked and
sowed.

Sunday. Aug. 13 -

A slight breeze with frequent showers -

Monday - Aug. 14

Calm. This is worse than storms.

Tuesday. Aug. 15 -

A slight breeze. Res. "Marcella"

Wednesday Aug. 16.

Helped wash.

Thursday. Aug. 17.

A good strong breeze. Going toward San Francisco at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

Friday - Aug. 18.

A fair day and a good breeze. I am making a booklet for Belle's birthday present.

Saturday - Aug. 19.

Very heavy seas. I have finished my blue dress. It is very neat-looking.

Sunday. Aug. 20.

The sea is very heavy to-day. Last night it woke a window in the after house.

It is pretty to watch the great dark waves roll up above the ship and break into foam and spray, and rainbows that they throw across the deck.

Monday. Aug. 21.

A rough day with head winds. I sent my fan-
nette petticoat.

Tuesday. Aug. 22.

The ship yet rolls very badly. I made half a handkerchief with needlepoint around the border.

Wednesday. Aug. 23.

It is so rough, Belle could not study this forenoon. I finished my handkerchief.

Thursday Aug. 24.

A fair wind, but a heavy sea. Finished my letter out. Seven weeks out. It is four o'clock this morning at home now.

Friday - Aug. 25-

To-day I finished Billie's book. It is like verisimilitude to make the unlikely things that I am making. I have made an algebra. This booklet is rather pretty. On the first I have drawn a wild sea on a jagged coast like Stanley. A gull is flying across.

On the next page is an "original poem," called Floatam.

Floating on the currents of my thought
I found these fancies. I ring them to-day.
Shapeless and shapeless though they may seem
Cast them, I pray thee, not in scorn away.
Forneath their ugliness of form and sound
If thou look'st closely thou perchance may'st see,
Some thing more comely than the outward show
Love and good wishes that I have for thee.

In the next page is

A Birthday Wish.)

May you have a pleasant voyage -
As on life's sea you sail.
~~With a fair wind and with a fair sail~~
With a fair wind and with a fair sail.


With prosperous winds and vessel, let
To cope with fierce gale
Loaded with health and wealth and fame
And all things that are best,
And when you weary of your voyage -
In harbor safe find rest.

This rhyme is decorated with poppies.

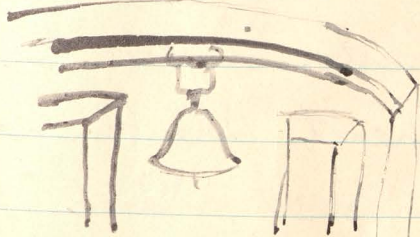
The next poem about the "Kelley" has for its illustrations a vessel outward bound, and the wreck on Lussac Island.

Then follows a doggerel about our "Kelley" experiences. A picture of little Jess is included with black mourning lines. Then follows a nonsense rhyme about our crab-fishing. The last page is

I like the bell

 that rings for meals,

And the bell



that rings
for rest -

Out of all the bells aboard the ship
Belle, Chapman is the best,

Dat. Aug. 2-6.

Donned my gingham dress. Cut out two undershirts, and made one.

Sunday Aug. 27.

A rough day! Was on deck a few minutes.

Monday Aug. 28.

Beside hearing Bill's lesson, reading Shakespear, and getting a Spanish lesson, I have done nothing but crochet to-day.

It has been very rough. Mr. Durning told me that last night was the roughest night we have had yet. We have had gales almost continually.

Tuesday. Aug. 29.

To-day we have had a heavy fair wind. Bill and I have been up on deck. The waves are never the same. To-day they were high as the ship, and so dark, they were almost black. The waters of the Indian Ocean are darker than those of the other Oceans.

The waves would rise higher, higher, higher, so graceful and light. The crest would become transparent. The blue of the sky would be visible through it. Then it would break and mingle the white of its foam with the very green and dark blue and in the spray would shine the rainbows.

Wednesday. Aug. 30-

To-day was Bill's birthday - a half holiday in consequence.

There was the prettiest sight to-day. A sun shower occurred this forenoon. As the rain came near us, a rainbow moved over the face of the water. Very brilliant it was. The ~~barch~~ was reflected in the water and the beautiful perfect clouds came nearer and nearer the ship, Whirling around and across it were the birds.

We are getting so near Melbourne that we see vessels now.

Thurs. Aug. 31,

Eight weeks out from Stanley. It has been a fine day. We are so near, Australia. They are looking for a light.

Friday, Sept. 1.

To-night we can see the light on Cape Otway. It seems good to see tokens of other human beings than ourselves.

It is queer not to be getting ready for school.

Saturday - Sept. 2 -

I finished my blue skirt, and did some starching.

We have seen two steamers and a four-masted ship to-day, a very pleasant sight.

I enjoyed the sunset to-day. It was not

is gorgeous and glorious as the ocean
sunsets, but it was pleasant to see the
sun sink behind hills once more, and
the dear land hope.

Sunday Aug. 3.

It has been a calm day. We have
sighted two steamers. We caught a Spanish
mackerel.

This morning I found in Mrs. Browning's
"Sabbath Morning at Sea", the feeling I had yes-
terday.

Two pale thin clouds did stand upon
The meeting line of earth and sky.

With aspect still and mystic.
I think they did foresee the sun
And rested on their prophecy
on quietude majestic.

Then flushed to radiance where they stood
like statues by the open tomb.

With shining saints half-risen;
The sun, he came up to be reared.

The earth and sky made mighty room
To inaugurate the vision.

I had seen the daylight run

As red wine through the hills and break

Through many a misty morning.

But here no earth profaned the sun
Heaven, ocean only did partake.

The sacrament of morning.
And could I bear to sit alone. N
Mid Nature's fixed benignties.

While my warm pulse was moving
To dark thou art, O gathering sun;
To strait art thou, capacious sea,
To satisfy the living.

Monday Morning. Sept. 4.
Instead of beginning a school in Maine,
is usual. I am up bright and early
to take my last look at Australia.

The rain clouds are draping the land
around. and above us the sky is blue,
and flecked with fleecy clouds.

This is a fine spring morning.
The one thing that seems most peculiar
is the difference in time.

For instance they are going to bed yes-
terday at home. or perhaps they are
coming home from meeting last night.
It is hard to think.

Monday Noon.

We are passing some islands that
I have tried to sketch. Black and white
can not convey the deep azure of the ocean
streaked with a deep green and flecked
with tiny flakes of snow & nor the

majesty of these islands. Great granite
boulders with no pretence to beauty.
Lingering aside scornfully the drapings
of the haze. Close to the water on the
western side the rocks gleam white, as
I suppose the heaviest storms come from
that side.

The sky near the horizon is dull pur-
ple that merges through various tints of
blue and pink to the clear blue sky above
our heads.

I like best ~~the~~ dull copper-colored
which the sky has at sunset above the
sun. Above this the clouds are a purple
that runs out into a sapphire blue
through which beats pinks, greens, yel-
lows, changing and throbbing like an
opal.

4.30. P.M.

We have just passed Judgment and Kent
Islands. The latter is quite large and is
inhabited. It is so foggy we can not see
very well.

In a short time we shall be out of
Bass Strait into the Pacific. I hope that
ocean will not belie its name. We
found the Atlantic and Indian Oceans

unfriendly manner.

I wonder why I am "tossed about on land and sea."

In ten years I have worked hard, I have been prudent, I have tried to be good. Now I have lost every thing. I have no more than when I began save experience and faith. These things, I thank God, I can never lose.

After all, the real things are the impressions we have. Tangible things are not so essential as we suppose.

To be pleased at a flower or a song or a cloud, is better than to be satisfied with rich food and clothing.

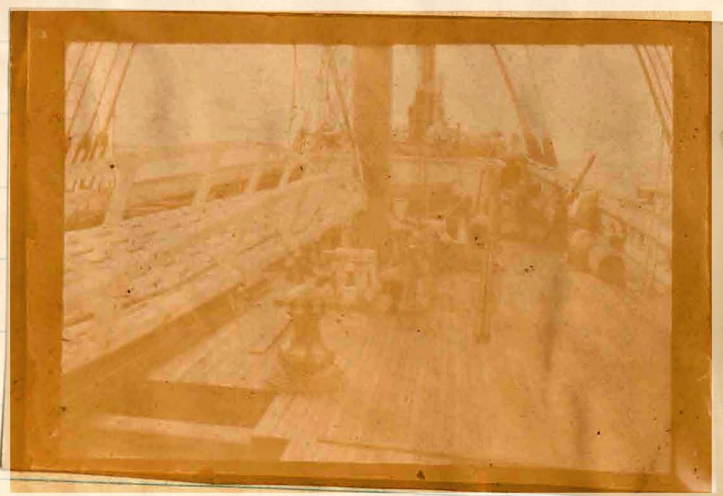
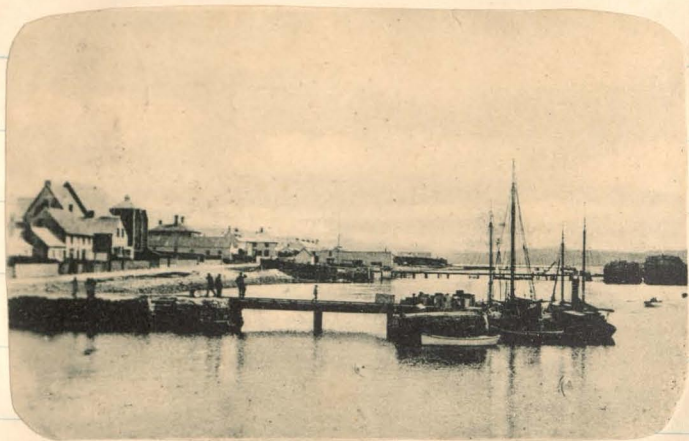
We prize transient things more than we do the things that are enduring.

We call food and drink the essentials of life, fools that we are.

I begin to see that by taking away my property, He has taught me what He means by seeking not perishing things.

Just as I tell Belle to look off her book into what experience has taught her, if she will solve the problem. so I have been told to look at my books and think.

It is nearly six months since I left





home - I have lost much I have gained
more. Same content.

Two Ways.

There is a ship sails out -
Its rudder strong; a gleaming mast;
Canvas all filled; clear chart and route;
No danger, as a bell buoy passed;
Straight, straight ahead it flies
Into the blue of summer skies.
Success, its name!

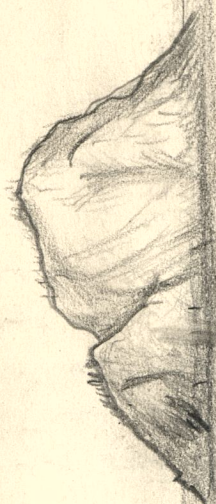
There is a ship comes back;
Its sails in shreds from recent gale;
Its rudder loose; its hull a rack;
No need to tell the hopeless tale,
Fast to the quiet dock it lies;
The crew have sadness in their eyes;
Failure its name.

Elizabeth Marshall.



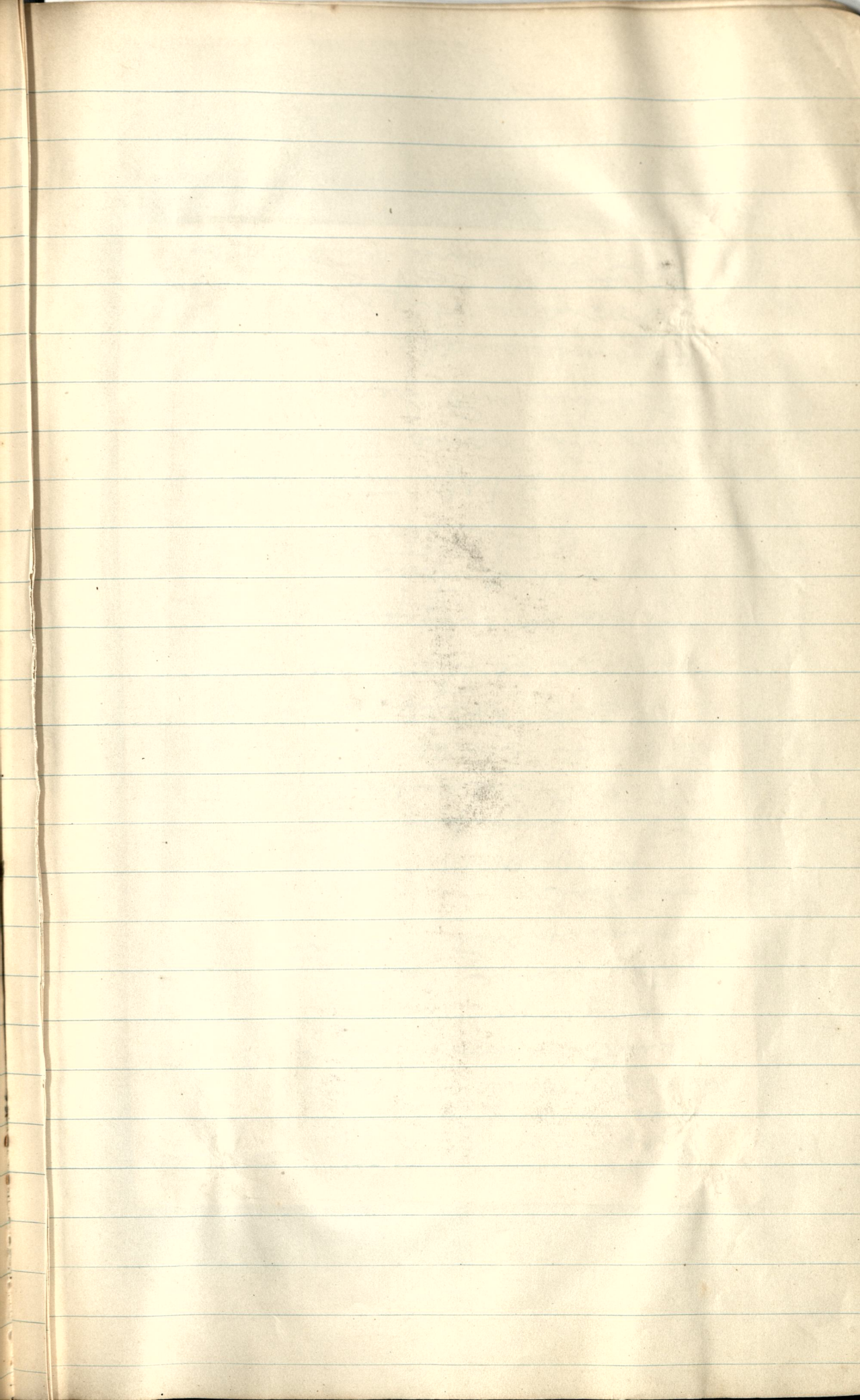


Wilev's Promotory. Australia



Devils Tower and Curtis Island

From the east-





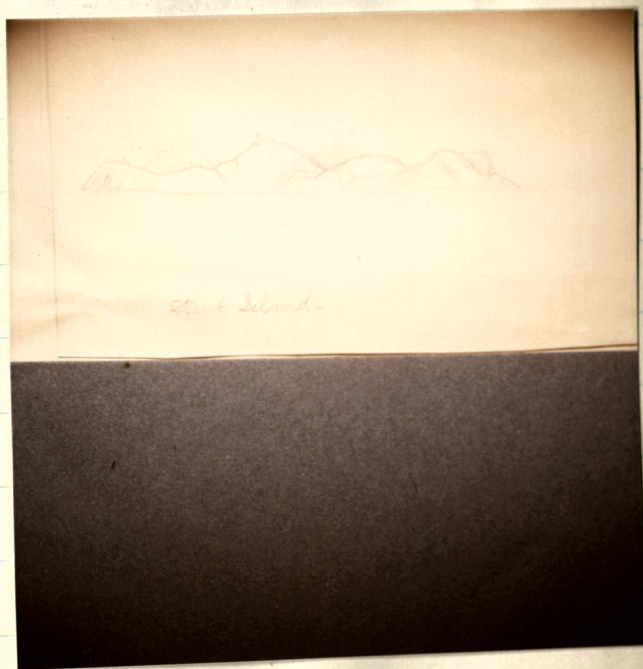
Stent Island -



RUIN OF ADOBE HOUSE BUILT IN 1772.

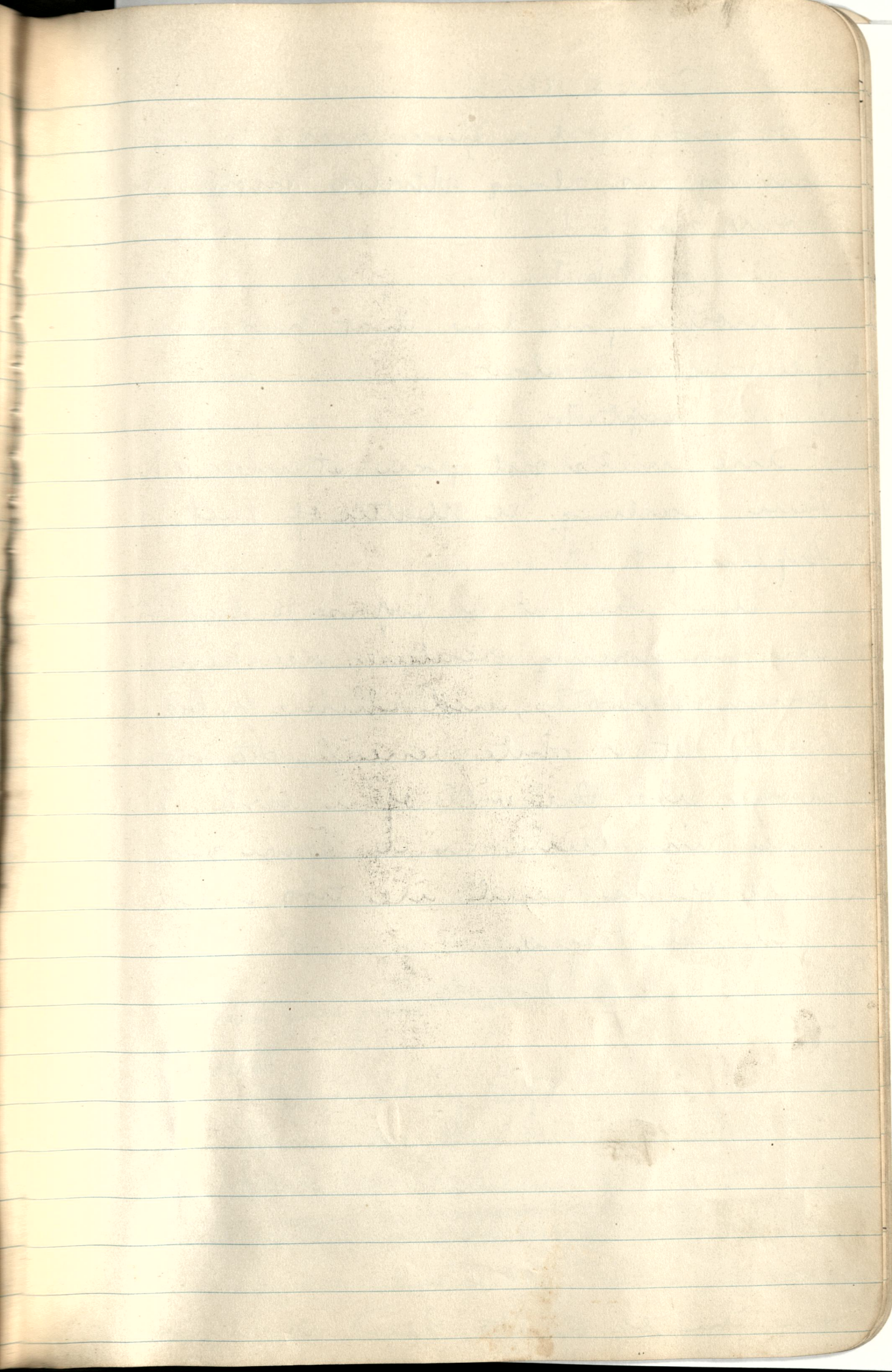


RUINS OF AN OLD OLIVE PRESS
USED BY FRANCISCAN MONKS



Island -





Sept. 5, 1899.

We have had a fine breeze to-day driving us along at twelve knots an hour.

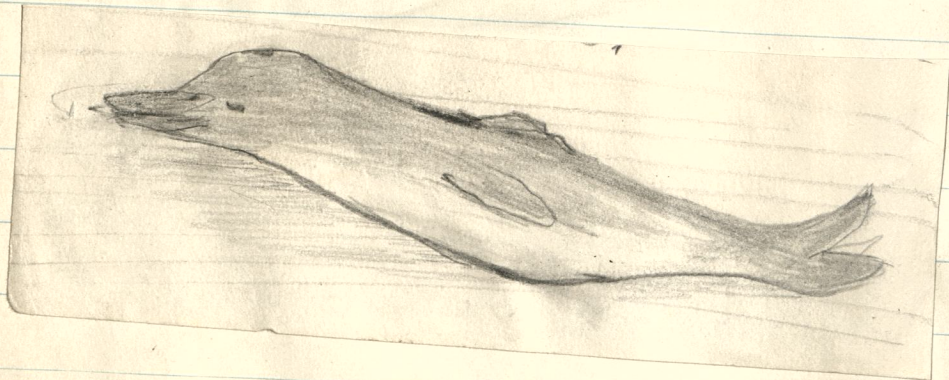
Sept. 6.

Another fine day that has passed heavily and slow-

Sept. 7.

Nine weeks out from Stanley, I have been reading "A Matter of Fact" by Kipling.

They caught a porpoise to-day. It is an uncanny creature, its skin is tough, smooth, and shiny. It has dark back. It is white beneath. Its nose looks like the bill of a bird. There are tiny teeth in it. Down on the side of its head are two small purplish eyes.



In the top of its head is its blow

hole. It is a warm blooded animal. Beneath the skin are rudiments of lower limbs.

Sept 8 -

Saw a whaler to-day and a new moon to-night. matters of great interest to us.

Sept. 9.

The ocean has been alive with jelly fish. This evening is so still, we can hear every sound on the ship.

Sunday - Sept. 10.

A fine day. I believe the Pacific is peaceful.

There were a school of porpoises about the ship, and Mr. Curtis forgot and called my attention to them. He looked so frightened at this breach of discipline, I was delighted.

Mr. Johnson, the second mate, is queer. He is a "Swede, and sandy",

When he is at work, he is so graceful, I like to watch him.

His efforts at being agreeable are funny. When he gets near me, he shoots off a smile that is rocket-like in its sudden appearance, its brilliancy, and its transiency. He shoots off after he has done this.

Monday - Sept. 11.

I have been sick abed all the afternoon.

Tuesday Sept. 12

The days are growing longer. Spring will begin in a few days - we are a fortnight from Vancouver the steward told me.

Wednesday - Sept. 13.

Head winds. We are getting out of fresh goods.

Thursday - Sept. 14.

Ten miles out. We are now about thirty miles from New Zealand. The kelp drifted by to-day - long and brown moving with the swell of the waves like long grasping fingers of some monster.

To-night is pleasant on deck. The moon is quite large. The waves ripple softly past the ship, the sails beat petulantly, the rigging creaks and whines at the delay. Above all are the glorious stars. They are brighter than those we can see at home, but I shall be glad to see the Southern Cross

and below the horizon, and the Great Bear rising once more. I can see the head of Draco now.

Friday Sept. 15.

Just six months since I have "much tossed about on sea and land" I am tired of it to-night.

Sat. Sept. 16.

Still we have head winds, and still are the provisions getting lower. I worked to-day.

Sunday - Sept. 17.

A cold, disagreeable day. Belle and I put some candy on the bit to cool. The ship rolled, and spite of all our efforts out-floored the candy.

The second mate got it cleared up, so Capt. C. did not know about it.

Monday Sept. 18.

Began a week's vacation. A dead calm, becalmed, crocheted, and cleared up.

Tuesday - Sept. 19.

To-day I mended up my clothes and finished edging enough for an undershirt. I hope I shall not lose this.

Another Tuesday - Sept. 19.

To-day and yesterday are the same day.

and to-morrow by the captain's reckoning
begins at noon. This is the first time
that I have lived yesterday, to-day, and
to-morrow the same day.

Wednesday - Sept. 20 -

To-day is the last day of winter. To-
night there was a rain made by
the moon, a ghost of a rainbow it was.

Thurs. Sept. 21.

Spring begins. Made a Land Ser-
chief.

Friday - Sept. 22 -

Written quite a little on my story.

Sat. Sept. 23.

Our eight day's week is over.

Sunday - Sept. 24.

Trade winds make it warmer. One
albatross. Still follows. Saw two flying
fish to-day.

Monday - Sept. 25.

Showers heavy and plentiful all
all day. Changed my heavy winter
clothes for my thinnest summer ones.

Tuesday - Sept. 26.

Showers. Passed Raro-tongo Island to-
day. We are going to Aitutaki.

Wed. Sept. 27.

Came in sight of Aitutaki. Had my first glimpse of cocoa nut trees. Could not go to the Island on account of the reef.

The trees are bare with a tuft of leaves on the top, like immense leather bustles.

Thurs. Sept. 28.

Have been trying in vain to get on the other side of the Island.

Friday. Sept. 29.

To-day we succeeded in getting on the north side of the Island, and then the wind changed so that once more we had head winds. Capt. Chapman was about to start on for 'Frisco when we saw a boat coming.

In about an hour it came alongside, loaded with bananas, coconuts, and natives.

Eight men clambered up on the ship, and greeted us in very good English. They were variously dressed. Blue 'bungarees' prevailed. Their hats of soft pliable straw flapped in the wind. The customs house officer had on a simple blue uniform and

cap. All were barefoot.

They were bright intelligent looking men quite unlike my preconceived opinions of the South Sea Islanders.

They had waists long and tapering like a woman's. They must be fine looking when there like light figures are not disfigured by clothes.

Their skin was a pretty, shiny brown. They were quiet and courteous, and pleasant.

They wanted to exchange their produce. To my surprise one asked for needles. "Do the women sew much?" I asked. "Not much by hand. Most by 'chine'," was the reply.

They told us they have an organ in their church. The white family, the missionary, lives here.

~~One of them~~ asked for some paper to use in school. Another asked about the news from North America. They told us the latest news from the Spanish American war when they found me had not heard from America for a long time.

And these are the South Sea

cannibals of my thoughts!

A government steamer runs here once a month.

How these happy-go-lucky children of Nature cared for so tenderly by her would pity our struggles for existence. When they want anything to eat, they pick it. If they care to work so hard, they catch a fish. They really need nothing to wear. If they want something, they can collect a few shells, or gather some fruit, board a passing vessel, and buy what they want. I envy them.

Sat. Sept. 30 -

Yesterday I was so interested in the proceedings, I did not keep under the awning, and my neck is blistered in consequence.

Sunday - Oct. 1.

I have been reading Cooper's Luck. It is appropriately named - I am surprised at the many familiar quotations. Our ancestors must have conned it carefully.

Monday - Oct. 2 -

Belle does not feel well, so lessons have gone hard to-day.

Tuesday - Oct. 3 -

It is very warm - I am standing
the heat quite well -

Wednesday - Oct 4.

Calm and warm. Wrote this song
this morning.

Her Face is Like a Flower,

Her face is like a flower,

It droops as I draw near,
When thirsty for a shower

Thus flowers droop always,

Would it were in my power,

That pretty head to raise

Her face is like a flower

Like thoughtful fancy dear,

Her face is like a flower

The sweetest flower that grows,

Before it can droop lower.

That pretty head I raise

~~Oh~~ kisses fall, a shower -

'Tis dew for such a face -

Her face glows like a flower

Like fragrant blushing rose.

Thurs. Oct. 5-

Another hot day - I had to iron a shirt waists.

Friday - Oct. 6.

I ironed two more shirt waists. Ironing is appalling this weather.

Sat. Oct. 7.

I ironed three skirts and finished a shirt waist. I did not know which would last the longer. My ironing or myself.

Sunday Oct. 8.

Mr. Derrin is sick from a sun stroke, so Mr. Curtis is taking his place. It is pleasant to have some one to whom you can talk.

Monday Oct. 9.

I washed out one tub of clothes and my gingham dress this forenoon. After lessons, ironed my handkerchiefs and common clothes.

Tuesday. Oct. 10-

They are painting ship, a delightful job that means we are nearing port. I dread to reach Friday.

Wednesday - Oct. 11.

To-day there was a school of whales

around the ship. When we first saw them, we thought they were ~~breakers~~ ^{breakers} ahead. The great creatures swam close to the ship and spouted their disappointing, insignificant, little spout.

Among the birds around the ship are the boatswains and the boobies.

The boatswains are a beautiful silvery white. Their tail is dark and from it hang out four or five long, slender red feathers. Their cry is like a creaking sign-board.

The boobies have white bodies and black and white wings. They are very slender. They flap their wings when they fly. Their bill seems long and pointed. When they see a flying fish - ~~that~~ they like to eat these fish - they make a noise like a duck.

Thurs. Oct. 12

A very hot day, but we are north of the equator; so it will soon be cooler.

Friday. Oct. 13.

When I awoke this morning about five o'clock, I thought I was dying. I hustled into some clothes and

got up on deck. There I saw the shutter to my window had been closed during a shower in the night, and the officer in charge had forgotten to open it. So I was being roasted.

The sunset to-night gave us the most gorgeous coloring that I have ever seen.

It was raining to the north and east of us. There it was a dull greyish blue, and there the horizon kept moving farther and farther away.

Above our heads the grey-blue clouds were tipped with orange-pink.

Down from the zenith swept these orange clouds towards the south and west, here fleecy; there like flames.

Beyond the clouds you could catch glimpses of the blue sky.

Across these brilliant clouds, here and there were some transparent brown clouds. Above the sinking sun rose an arch of brilliant yellow. Below this the sky was pale green. The water between us and the sun's disk on the horizon was a pale lilac.

Through the mist you could see a

distant range. The clouds sent their color to the ship and her sails and rigging had a roseate hue. Such coloring I never saw before.

Around the moon to-night was a large faintly colored ring - the ghost of the radiance of the sky that passed to-day.

Sat. Oct. 14.

Another hot day. Calms in the tropics are not delightful. My hair is dripping wet with sweat when I take it down - Mr. D. is no better.

Sunday - Oct. 15

Somewhat cooler to-day. I do not feel well. The water is bad.

Mon. Oct. 16.

Showers cooled the air. Washed.

Tuesday - Oct. 17.

In spite of the heat I ironed three shirt waists and three collars. It is calm as calm can be. The ocean rolls in long wrinkled swells.

Wednesday - Oct. 18

Still the hot calm weather continues. Yesterday we went twenty.

three miles. To-day we must be going quite as fast.

Thurs - Oct. 19.

Still and hot.

Friday - Oct. 20.

Still the calms continue. The tide rips(?) are noticeable to-day.

Sat. Oct 21.

At last we have a breeze. We have gone as far to-day as we went all last week. Ripped and washed my grey dress.

Sunday - Oct. 22.

To-night we can see the North Star. I was so glad to see Cassiopea, had she not been so distant I would have embraced her. We shall be home in three weeks if all goes well.

The steward got a good joke on me yesterday. He came jangling in. "Miss Kie", said he, "Chicken's dead." "That is too bad, steward," I answered. "What was the matter?" "Some body cut the thloot", he chuckled.

It sounds r's like L's. The other day in a shower, Mr. C. said, "Is it this a good shower, KiKi?" Yes for you

fellers. More rain, more test, for you, fellers."

I never tire of getting him to tell me how to cook "lice" as he calls rice.

The other day he came in with the sweat pouring off his forehead. Mopping his forehead he said, "If only he ~~was~~ ^{know} now, he got. No snow. Juss the way, Wantee snowstorm, never can catch him."

Mon. Oct. 23,

They are holystoning the poop-deck to-day. To-night we are going up the Sandwich Islands - (Hawaiian Islands at large)

Tues. Oct. 24,

Washed. Very rough, so I am tired almost to death. Passed Oahu to-day. Wish I could see Aunt Gus.

Thurs. Oct. 26,

Strong trade winds. Rather squally all round.

Friday. Oct. 27,

Finished Algebra and Arithmetic.

Sat. Oct. 28,

Finished crocheting my thread, now what shall I do?

Sunday Oct 29.

The "gooneys" are round the ship. Such awkward, lovable birds they are! A dull brown back with light chocolate breast; darker wings mottled below; long black legs that stick out behind them in flying and drag down in the most comical way on alighting like this; a tail that is bent down into the water too; - such is the



make up of this bird. They look like people learning to skate.

Monday Oct. 30.

Last night we had a sudden squall that tore the sails to pieces. To day has been rough.

Tuesday Oct. 31.

Rough.

Wednesday - Nov. 1.

Began the month by washing. It is so rough, I would be almost stood on my head in the tub.

Thursday - Nov. 2.

Ironed two shirts, holding my board

and myself up as best I can.
Friday Nov. 3.

Just a thousand miles from
"Frisco. We shall be there probably
in a week. I wonder if they are
worrying about me at home.

Sat. Nov. 4.

This forenoon Belle and I were
up in the wheel-house. She had
her Jeanne d'Arc and I was
darning my shawl. As usual
we were singing. We had just
finished

"While others fought to gain the
prize

"On sailed on stormy seas." When
we heard a cry "Man Overboard."
I rushed ~~for~~ the door, and saw in
the ocean a man, such a pitiful
tiny speck in the infinite ocean.

Life preservers were immediately
thrown overboard. The ship was
turned about as soon as possible
and the captain's gig made in
readiness to lower. We were
going about twelve knots an hour,
~~so it~~ took about twenty minutes to

turn her round. Then as best they could they retraced their way.

Now they roared! It was still as death. Nothing but the Captain's orders broke the silence. They realized that it was for the life of David Dean, they were working. A handsome young fellow he, a universal favorite.

Their faces were white and their lips pressed tight together as they worked.

It was rough, so as they neared the spot where the boy fell overboard Capt. C. called for volunteers. Little Fremont was one of the first, but was not allowed to go. Five men were chosen, and put into the gig that was all ready to lower.

Then all eyes swept the ocean for some signs of the missing shipmate. Back, back we went, and there floated the life preserver with the goonys examining it curiously. And the handsome boy was lost.

Capt. C. found nothing among his papers to identify him. The only letter he found had for its beginning

ning "My dear Davis" and is signed
"Your loving
Mamma".

Poor mother! Wherever and whoever you may be, my heart is aching for you to-night.

I wonder at our ways. Half an hour after the search was abandoned, Belle was fussing with her pimples and I was darning my shawl.

Mr. Delming was in to lunch, and I made a clown of myself for his benefit. It is going to be bad for him I am afraid.

Sunday. Nov-5-

To-day is Mother's birthday. It is the last Sunday we shall pass at sea, I hope.

We went by a rock to-day with her masts pointing up from the water.

Oh, I shall be glad when we are off of this terrible sea. It has been a horror ever since we left Stanley.

We saw the Great Dipper to-night.

the first time for centuries.

Monday Nov 6

To-day we washed. I am very tired.
The horror of the ocean increases.
If the wind is fair, we shall be in
Thursday.

Tuesday - Nov. 7.

This has been a stormy day, so
we starched our shirt waists and
dried them in the after cabin.

I ironed my gingham shirt
and vest white waist after lessons.

Part of the rigging has broken.

Mrs. C. is sick. Mr. D. is not so

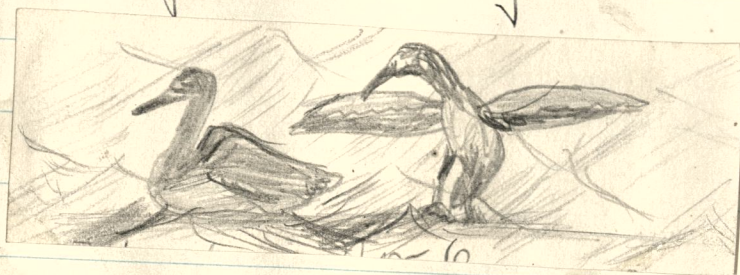
well. He comes to his meals now

however, I have to think of com-
ical things to say while all

the time the awfulness of that
handsome boy's fate is haunting
me.

I hate the fawning, fascinating,
caressing, embracing, false-hearted
death giving water. I hate it! I
hate it!

Wednesday Nov. 8.
I made a pretty good sketch of
the "gooneys" to-day



To-morrow if nothing happens
I shall see America.

Thursday - Nov. 9.

Fogs keep us from entering the
Golden Gate. Slowly we creep along
fearful of ship wreck or of damaging
others. Not such was the dream
had of our return to our native
land. We caught sight of America
and it made me feel weepy.

Friday, Nov. 10

When I awoke this morning we
were creeping through the fog
to Frisco. We caught a glimpse
of South Fernald, and then
went more boldly up toward a
light ship. Soon we heard it bel-
lowing very near us. The fog
now lifted and we caught
sight of a pilot boat. After

some time, it overtook us, but it was then too late to cross the bar to enter the Golden Gate.

We heard the news from the world. Still are our troubles in the Philippines unsettled, England is fighting the Boers, the relations between France and Japan are strained, Admiral Dewey is married, and all the big wooden ships are bought on the Pacific coast.

Sat. Nov. 11.

This morning we went up the bay through a dense fog. As soon as we reached the harbor, reporters and boarding masters assailed the ship.

I had letters from Guspie, Aunt Abbie, ^{and} Harriet. Mother has been sick as I feared.

Fred and Uncle Joe offer me the shelter of their homes. Mrs. Willard sent a nice, pretty letter. From the Falklands came letters from Louis Williams and Mrs. Kinnaird. Poor Nellie Biggs is dangerously ill.

Sunday - Nov. 12.

To-day reporters have made our lives miserable. They came to learn the story of our woes, Little would we tell them. Answered five letters.

Mon. Nov. 13.

Went ashore. My first impression of San Francisco is displeasing. Got a package of Herald's. Talk about the grandeur of Milton, here before have I read any thing so soul satisfying as these Herald's. It is a delight to know that Seth Dodge has moved, and George Oliver has bought a new one, and fine range turkeys are for sale on the Lake Mendocino Farm.

Tues. Nov. 14.

Loafed and eaten all day. We have seen on such short rations, during the fresh food.

Wed. Nov. 15

Two transports left to-day for Manila.

Thurs. Nov. 16.

Went ashore. Walked until I am

about dead. It makes me dizzy to walk
on land.

Here are some clippings from the
Chronicle and the Fall.



Friday Nov. 17

Entertained Belle the most of the day. Sewed on my silk waist, and wrote letters. Capt. and Mrs. B. are house hunting. I am sorry to leave them. On the whole we have had pleasant times.

Saturday, Nov. 18

This morning we were docked. I started for Oakland after dinner cousin hunting. I found Oakland Ave., but 437 is a vacant lot.

I found on inquiry that the streets have been renumbered.

Every effort I made to find my cousin was fruitless.

I start for San Diego Wednesday.

Sunday - Nov. 19.

This morning Mr. Darning came down to the ship bringing flowers to me and candy to Belle.

This is a bit of the baguet
he brought me.

This afternoon we went to.

Golden Gate Park, Belle, Robert

and myself.

It is a very beautiful Park. Some of the decorations are rather peculiar. Behind two sumptuous sphinxes are angels spouting.

The city has the same incongruity about it.

Monday. Nov. 20.

Packed and came to the Stuart House to-day - I am almost sorry to leave the ship.

Tuesday. Nov. 21.

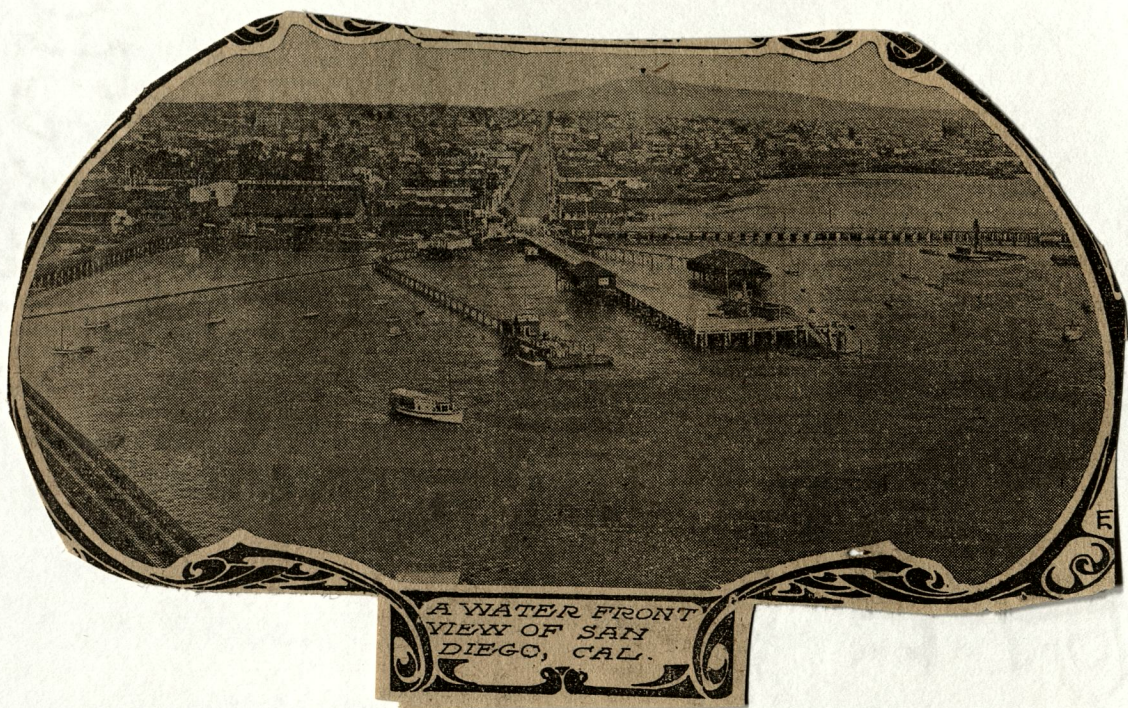
In spite of a pouring rain, I went shopping and bought myself a gray mixed tailor-made suit.

Wednesday. Nov. 22.

This forenoon at eleven o'clock once more embarked on the Pacific.

Mrs. C., Capt. C. Belle, and Mr. Darnip came down to see me off.

Miss Nickels who has a berth in my stateroom is from Rockland. Her brother lunched with us at the Pierpont just before we left New York. She is so bright and charming, it makes it pleasant for me.



A WATER FRONT
VIEW OF SAN
DIEGO, CAL.

I have also met a Mrs. Sockett, and a Mr. and Mrs. Graham whom I like.

We went to walk in Santa Barbara this evening.

Thurs. Nov. 23.

The hills along the coast are green and dimpled. Behind them rise the blue mountains.

This forenoon Mrs. Sockett took me to the Redondo Carnation Gardens.

For the first time I saw india-rubber trees, and oranges and palms growing in the ground.

Friday. Nov. 24.

Landed at San Diego to-day, in spite of Mrs. Farquhar's dismal prophecies I was met at the station by Carrie, Aunt Mary, and Uncle Joe.

and for the present I hope my travels on the Pacific Coast are over.



Acacia

from

Redondo.

San Diego.

San Diego was discovered on the desert side in 1534 by a monk, Father Marcos. The same year the San Diego mts. were seen by De Ulloa,

and in 1540 De Ulloa visited the desert side. In 1542 Cabillo discovered the bay of San Miguel, afterward San Diego.

The aborigines were a filthy, squalid ignorant race.

In 1769 Junipero Serra came to San Diego as a missionary. He was made president of the Cal. missions. At first there were built a few huts, a corral, and an entrenched camp at Old Town. One hut larger than the others was set apart as a mission church. This is entirely destroyed.

The first six months were very hard. All but twenty of the mission force died the first year from the scurvy or from the water.

Governor Portola wished to withdraw. Father Serra would not, so he was sent aid.

In 1771 came the first conversions. In 1773 there were 83 baptisms. Agriculture had taken a start.

In 1774 the mission ^{57 1/2} was built six miles up the valley. A cactus hedge and olives were planted. The first olive orchard of America. Cosoy or Old Town was left for a presidio.

In 1775 eight hundred Indians attacked the eleven souls in the mission.

At midnight the war-whoop awoke the Father who rushed out with his customary salutation "Amat a Dios, hijas". He was instantly killed.

To protect the powder from the sparks, Father Fuster threw himself upon it, at the same time praying incessantly for aid. The savages drew off.

Some say it was a miracle in answer to the prayer. Others that Corporal Rocha and his feigned commands as to an approaching reinforcement saved the day.

From Monterey Rivera y Mascada
was sent to protect the mission.

On the 11th of July Serra came.
The mission was rebuilt, but in 1780
a larger edifice took its place.
It was 90 ft by 16. Its roof was



supported by beams from the Agnamaca
forests. Many of these beams are still pre-
served.

The main facade which still stands was
the usual Spanish type with a bell tower.
Within was a spacious chapel, a refect-
ory, a kitchen, and a row of cells.

The building made two sides of
a quadrangle. The figure was com-
pleted by a wall beyond which
was the abatis of castles.

The mission prospered. In 1803

The number of neophytes were 1523. These were 6000 cattle belonging to the mission. The valley yielded 1600 bushels of ~~corn~~^{grain}, increasing to 2304 bushels in 1804. About this time they began to produce olive oil.

It was at this period of San Diego's history that Dana made that visit that he describes in Two years before the Mast.

About 1840 the whalers came in great numbers. Commerce between Boston and San Diego sprang up.

Between 1830 and 1840 were several Indian troubles.

In 1839 the presidio came to ruin, and the mission lost its property.

In 1845 most of the settlers of San Diego were sea-faring men. There were several Indian villages ^{around} with a large number of Indians.

In 1846 came the American Conquest. Commodore Stockton of the Congress landed and built a fort.

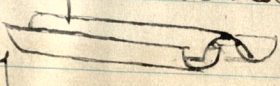
In the Battle of San Pasqual Kearney was defeated. He sent to Stockton for reinforcements. At first Stockton refused.

since Kearney's disobedience had brought this trouble upon him. At last public opinion forced him to send aid. The Mexicans retreated and Kearney marched to San Diego.

The dead soldiers were buried in the old yard at Old Town.

Commodore Stockton's headquarters were in the so-called 'Ramona's House.'



This an adobe house, with a court in the centre. The roof has curved tiles on it instead of shingles. They are laid this way . They are like drain pipes split in two.

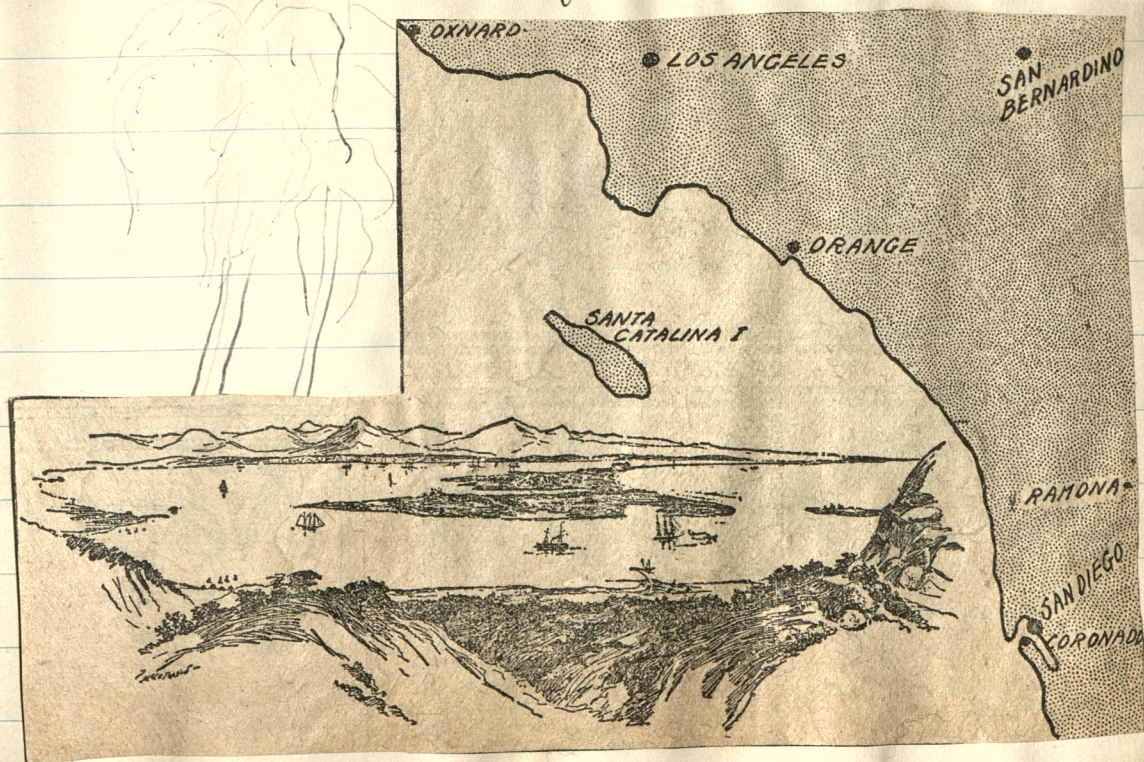
In 1849 Bayard Taylor visited San Diego. He describes it in 'El Dorado'. In 1850 the present city of San Diego was founded.

Sir, Derby was sent here by Jefferson Davis about this time. His jokes are told to this day. He was to dam a river, when questioned about it he said

that he began to dam it at a certain date and had been damming it men-
tally ever since.

In 1859 Dana revisited San Diego.
In 1867 the first boom struck San
Diego. Alonzo E. Horton was the origina-
tor of it. The rumor of the Texas Pacific
Railroad roused a ferment in the city.
The failure of Col. Scott the head of
the R. R. caused a panic.

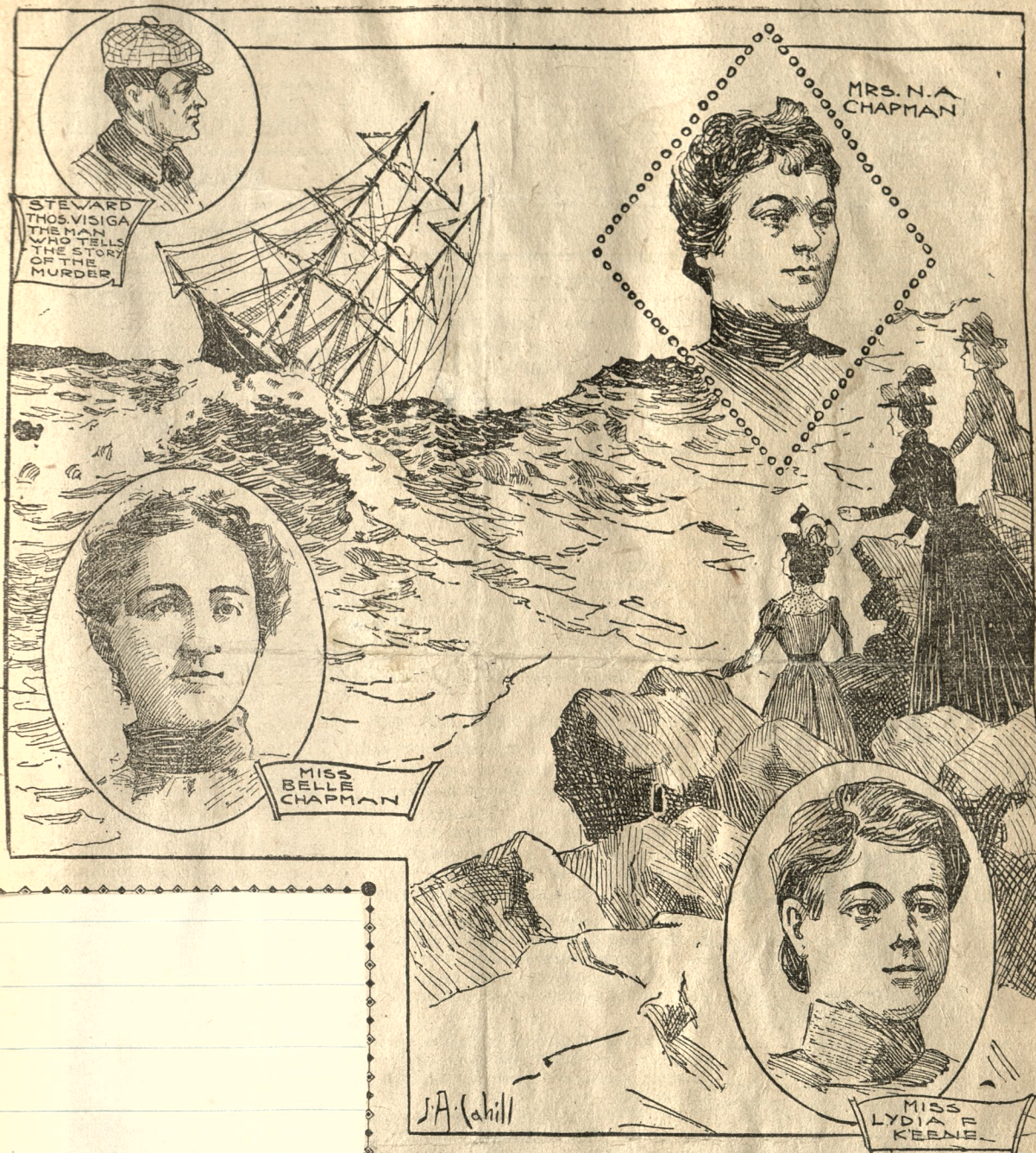
In 1884 Mr. Babcock built the Hotel
del Coronado. Again was San Diego
boomed, this time as a winter resort.
It is near Mexico, so near that it does
not seem like an American city.
It is 600 miles from San Francisco.



I must down to the seas again, to the lovely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
steer her by;
And the wind's song, and the wheel's kick,
and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray
dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of
the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not
be denied,
And all I ask is a high wind and white
clouds flying
And green seas and blown spume, and the
sea gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the va-
grant gipsy life,
To the spindrift and the whale's spout and
wind like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laugh-
ing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream, when
the long trick's over.



MURDER AND WRECKS OFF CAPE HORN.

Captain Chapman's wife and daughter and Miss Keene watch the John R. Kelly go to pieces in Port William, and Steward Thomas Visiga is the only man on the Wakefield who can tell anything about the manner in which Captain Henry met his death.

CAPTAIN HENRY KILLED BY THE CHIEF OFFICER

Murderer Takes Advantage of a Storm Off the Horn.

Ship Cyrus Wakefield Arrives With but One Member of the Crew That Was Aboard When the Tragedy Occurred.

WAS Captain F. T. Henry of the American ship Cyrus Wakefield murdered off Cape Horn, or was he killed by being washed by a sea off the poop to the deck below

The Wakefield arrived in port yesterday and the log shows that "on June 15, about 7:30 p. m., shipped a heavy sea on the starboard quarter, which struck Captain Henry and knocked him off the after-house down on the deck. He struck against some iron and received some terrible injuries to his chest, back and hips, and his head was cut to pieces. We carried him into the cabin and did every-

thing in our power to restore consciousness, but failed, and Captain Henry died at 8:20 p. m." This entry was made on the log by First Mate Williamson.

Thomas Visiga, the steward of the Cyrus Wakefield, is the only man left aboard who knows anything about the tragedy, and he says Captain Henry was murdered. Furthermore, he says the killing was done by Mate Williamson with a hammer, and that the man at the wheel and other witnesses of the tragedy were all paid off at Port Stanley and are now scattered to the four quarters of the globe.

The Cyrus Wakefield left New York for San Francisco on April 4 last with a general cargo. Captain F. T. Henry was in command, and his first and second officers were H. Williamson and A. Johnson. The vessel had fair weather to the Horn, and then in a succession of gales the vessel began to leak and the pumps broke down. Captain Henry and Mate Williamson had been quarreling almost from the time the ship left New York, and on June 15, when the captain was killed, the mate decided to put into Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands. There he paid off the five men who had been on deck when Captain Henry was killed, and left the ship himself. The American ship John R. Kelly had been wrecked in Port William, near Port Stanley, just before the arrival of the Cyrus Wakefield, so Captain Chapman took command of her, and finding her to be very much strained came to San Francisco via the Cape of Good Hope.

The tale of the killing of Captain Henry is thus told by Steward Thomas Visiga: "The captain and mate were always quarreling," said he yesterday. "Mate Williamson did not like the old man, and told him so on numerous occasions. On the night of the killing the mate got a hammer from the carpenter at a quarter to 7 and when he came down from the poop

he still had the hammer in his hand and there was blood on it. I had supper on the table, and I said, 'Will you have something to eat, Mr. Williamson?' and he said, 'By and by,' and went into his room. Ten minutes later I asked him again, and he said, 'By and by I will send two men to help you.'

"Between the time I asked him first and the time he told me he would send two men to help me a big sea had broke aboard and flooded the cabin. Second Mate Johnson ran into the cabin and said: 'Mr. Williamson, Mr. Williamson, the captain is hurt.' 'All right,' said Mr. Williamson, 'bring him down here.' Now, there was no need to bring him down, as he had been washed from the after-house down on the deck.

"A few minutes passed and then Mr. Johnson rushed in again and said, 'Mr. Williamson, the captain is dying.' 'All right,' answered the mate again; 'bring him down here and lay him on his bed.' Captain Henry was carried in from the deck and laid out on the cabin floor. The mate went to the medicine chest and, making up a mixture, tried to get the captain to take it. The dying man rolled his head and I heard him say, 'No, no! don't let him, Mr. Johnson.' His mouth was forced open, however, and Mr. Williamson made him swallow it, saying, 'Drink it down; it will do you good.' About 8:30 p. m. the captain died.

"When we got into Port Stanley the mate took possession of the ship's money and paid off the man who was at the wheel when the captain and mate were quarreling near the wheelhouse. He also paid off the four men who took refuge in the rigging just before the sea broke aboard and who had seen everything that took place. Then he left the ship himself and Captain Chapman of the John R. Kelly took command. Captain Henry's head was terribly battered and I am certain he never got the wounds by being washed from the after-house to the deck. I think the mate tried to kill him with the hammer and finished him with a dose of laudanum."

The remains of Captain Henry are now aboard the Cyrus Wakefield and an autopsy may show whether the wounds on the head were accidental or inflicted with a hammer.

Captain Chapman, the present commander of the Cyrus Wakefield, is accompanied by his wife and daughter and Miss Lydia F. Keene, who is acting as governess and companion for Miss Chapman. They all left New York for San Francisco in the John R. Kelly and had a delightful voyage until Cape Horn was reached. There very heavy weather was encountered and the vessel sprang a leak. Captain Chapman decided to run into Port Stanley for repairs and reached Port William in safety on May 24. The next day,

accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Chapman and Miss Keene, he went ashore at Stanley to enter his ship. The party had not been an hour ashore before a sudden storm came up and the Kelly parting her anchors was driven ashore on a reef. Almost before the watchers on the beach could express their consternation the ship's back was broken and the waves were washing over her fore and aft. The men took to the rigging and were finally rescued, but the ship became a total wreck.

Everything that the captain and his family owned in the world went down in the wreck and just as they were prepared to take passage for Valparaiso the *Cyrus Wakefield* put into port with Captain Henry dead. Captain Chapman then took command and brought the *Wakefield* to San Francisco. He reported to the owners that the ship was strained and that he would come here via the Cape of Good Hope. The voyage from Stanley was uneventful except that a young man named David Dean fell overboard a week ago and was drowned. He was a great

favorite with everybody on the ship and officers and crew have not yet recovered from the shock caused by his death.

A splendid American sailing vessel, the *John R. Kelly*, anchored in Port William on the 24th: she had encountered severe weather off Cape Horn which together with a shifting cargo (railway irons, &c.) and leakage obliged her to make for the Falklands. The next morn a gale set in from the north east and increased in violence so that the "*J. R. K.*" dragged her anchors and was eventually driven on the rocks between the tussac Islands in Port William. Signals of distress were sent up at about 8. p.m. but it was impossible to render her any assistance owing to the furiousness of the gale and the crew spent an awful night on top of the deck houses, the water washing over and swamping the decks and cabins. It was a fortunate circumstance that early in the day the Captain had taken his wife and daughter and friend ashore and that on account of the rising wind they were unable to return. Much sympathy is felt for them in this unlooked for wreckage of their home when apparently safe. All their belongings were under water, some things, including a piano, utterly ruined. It was still possible to walk on the deck and see things floating about below.

Henry. At sea on board the *Cyrus Wakefield*, Captain Henry. A sea dashed him against the bulwarks, fracturing the skull, he died ten minutes after the accident. He leaves a wife and five children in San Francisco to mourn his loss. The *Cyrus Wakefield* was loading in the docks at New York beside the *J. R. Kelly*.

Stoetzel. Stanley. June 21st. Harry Stoetzel

Mr Louis Williams bought the wreck *J. R. Kelly* for £200. The men live in the deck house, while wrecking her on the 20th instant, Mr. H. Stoetzel while aloft on a topsail spar, cut a rope which was made fast to the spar, it immediately swung up and down jerking Mr. Stoetzel off, he fell about 60 feet. Much sympathy is felt for him and Mrs. King in whose house he was living.

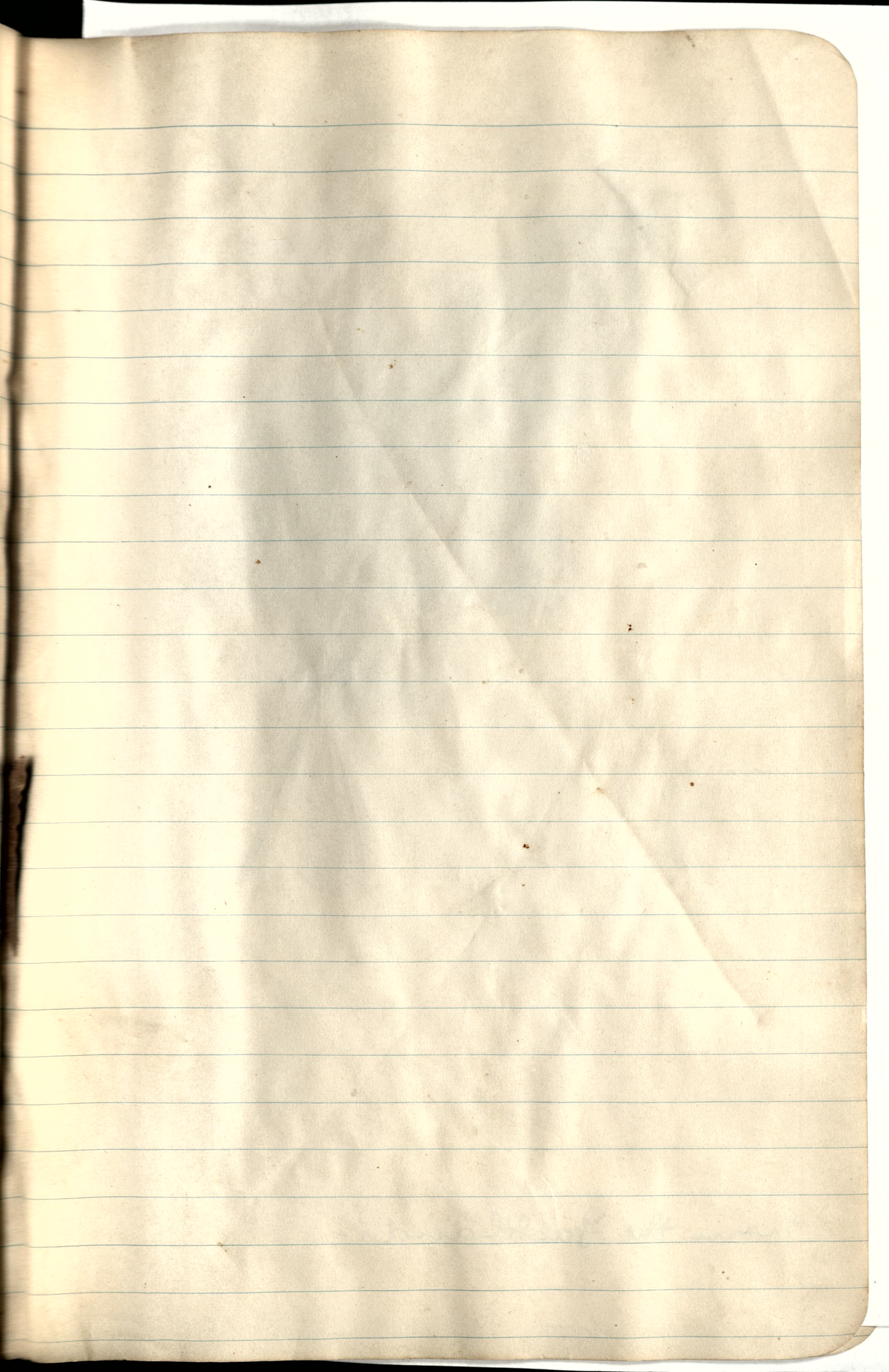
JULY 4TH. Consul Rowen gave a reception on July 4th to commemorate the independence of the United States. There were present:—Mr. James Smith, vice consul: the Hons. S. Hamilton, C. W. Hill: M. F. Wingfield and Andrew E. Baillon: Messrs. W. A. Harding, H. Schlottfeldt, C. Gorton, T. Creegan, T. Watson, F. I. King, W. Biggs, F. Durose, J. Turner: Dr. Jameson: Reverends J. P. O'Grady, P. Diamond, and the Dean. His Ex., W. Grey-Wilson, C.M.G., was unable to attend through illness. The Hon. C. W. Hill representing His Excellency spoke in eulogistic terms of the United States. Consul Rowen in eloquent words responded and dwelt on the closer union which was gradually being formed between the two great branches of the Anglo Saxon race. The Hon. the Colonial Surgeon spoke with his usual lucidity and readiness on the marvellous growth of the English speaking races. The customary toasts were drunk and the reception concluded with many a good wish for the future of the United States and her representative—Consul Rowen.

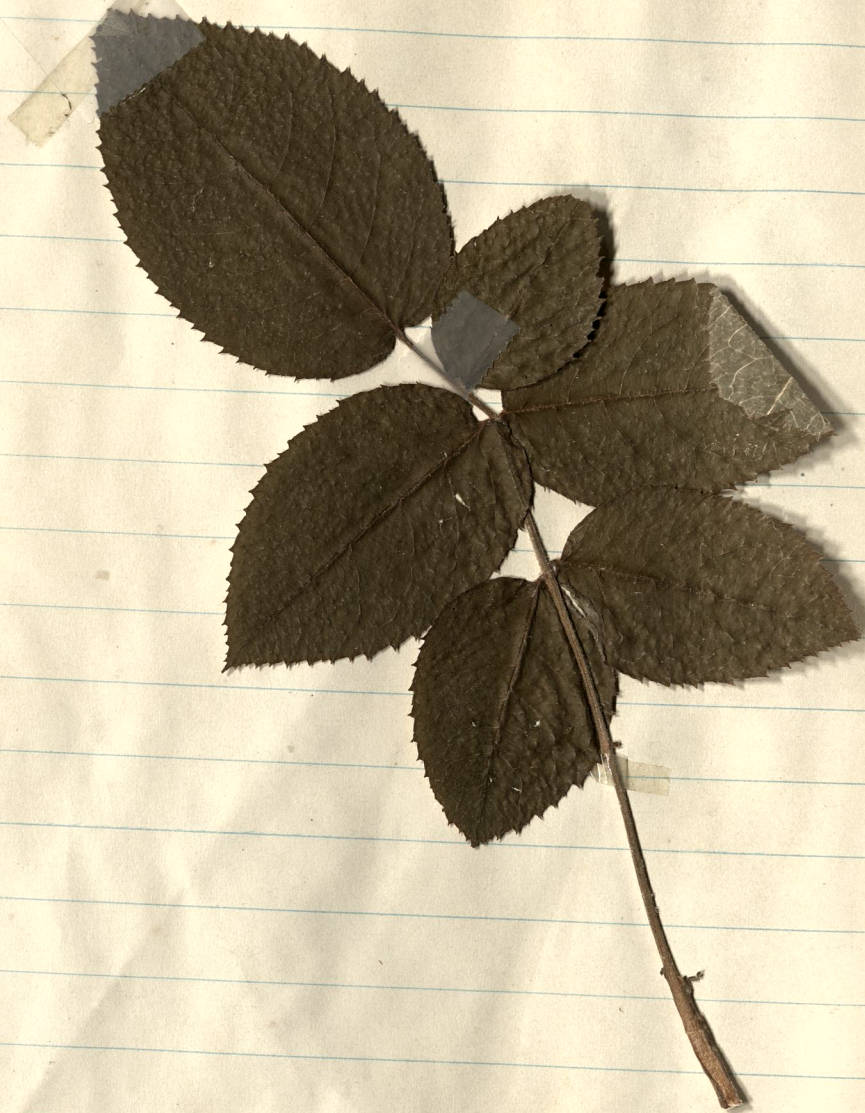
"J. R. KELLY." The vessel lies on the reef to the west of the tussac Islands in Port William: at high tide she is full of water. Her cargo—worth £40,000—is being saved by the *Zilla*, under the supervision of Mr. von Harten: the men are receiving extra wages, as they work early and late as the tides allow: much cargo is being thrown overboard and floats out to sea. The men sleep in the galley on deck, except when the wind comes from the north east, the vessel then works and is not considered safe.





Pepper Tree
from
Santa Barbara





from the Falklands -

INTERNATIONAL MILL COMPANY

2001 CAKE STREET

UNION BAKERY

Helen Hunt Jackson was the author of "Ramona," one of the foremost if not the very first among American "novels." It is "a novel with a purpose," the purpose being an attempt upon the author's part to show the perfidy of our government's course in its treatment of the American Indian.

It was while sojourning in the vicinity of San Jacinto some years ago that Mrs. Jackson became acquainted with Miss Mary Sheriff, at that time a teacher in the Indian village of Saboba, a few miles from that place.

A friendship sprang up between them, based upon their common sympathy with the Indian character; both were deeply impressed by the wrongs suffered by the Indians; and both were women of sympathetic and poetic natures. As a consequence they became deeply attached, and, as an old resident informed me, were very much together during Mrs. Jackson's stay in the region.

From Miss Sheriff—now Mrs. Fowler—she obtained much of the matter so artistically and pathetically used in the construction of "Ramona." The scene is laid between San Bernardino and San Diego, the Indian villages of Temecula and Saboba and San Jacinto Mountain being specially mentioned in the work. Those who have not read the story may need to be told that the principal characters are the Indian Alessandro and the half-Indian Ramona. Alessandro is the son of the chief of the Temecula tribe. Ramona is the foster daughter of a certain Spanish Senora living upon an old-time Mexican grant near by. Alessandro and Ramona marry. After the loss of his home at Temecula Alessandro becomes half-crazed, and finding a little valley upon the side of Mount San Jacinto removes his family there. In a fit of abstraction he "borrows" a horse belonging to one Farrar, who pursues him, and finding the horse at Alessandro's cabin, shoots him dead. Of course misery and sorrow result and Ramona's grief is most artistically presented.

All these were actual occurrences, well-known to everybody in this vicinity. Farrar is known in real life as Sam Temple, foreman of a ranch in Diamond Valley, some six miles away, being often seen upon the streets of San Jacinto. In this connection it is most interesting to note the way in which Mrs. Jackson has idealized the character of the Indian. Her Alessandro is an almost perfect man, possessed of feelings and aspirations above the average lot of man, while Farrar is a demon in human shape. In reality the Indian who stole Temple's horse was a worthless thief, and Temple in killing him only followed the instincts of the average frontiersman.

The wife, or squaw, of the Indian killed, at the time of my visit, lived on the Coahuila Reservation, in the valley of the same name, in the San Jacinto range nearby, and was called Ramona by everybody, although that was not her real name. She knew of the book, was proud of her notoriety and made merchandise of it, being, according to all accounts, dissolute in the extreme. A photograph of her before me serves to dispel the "beautiful Indian maiden" picture most thoroughly.

That these Indians have been cruelly wronged no one who has inquired into the circumstances can doubt, but they are not the people described by Mrs. Jackson. Her characters are grand men and women, who, doubtless, ought to have existed, but who, doubtless, never did.

The name Ramona is taken from Mrs. Ramona Wolfe, who then lived upon her rancho at Temecula. Mrs. Wolfe is a lady of Spanish or Mexican origin, who married a Frenchman.

A letter from Mrs. Ramona Wolfe upon business matters, which I then saw, served to show the intelligence and practical spirit of the lady. She was still the owner of the little Temecula rancho, a Mexican grant, not far distant. Mrs. Wolfe is without doubt the original of the Mexican Senora of the book. Years ago the Wolfes

were in the habit of giving fiestas or feasts, to which everybody was invited. They also had an Indian foster daughter, who "had bad luck," and was, with her baby, turned adrift. This incident is reproduced in "Ramona."

The region of the San Jacinto Valley is romantic in appearance, the town of San Jacinto lying almost at the base of the great peak of the same name, the valley being walled in by mountain ranges upon three sides and containing about a hundred thousand acres of moderately level land. The mountains are precipitous, and these nearby entirely destitute of timber, mere bare walls of frowning rock thinly covered with soil, composed of disintegrated granite, and supporting only a short and shrubby growth of wild sage.

Amid scenes of grandeur "Ramona" was conceived by a woman of genius. It is a beautiful and affecting story, and those who have not read it have yet one pleasure in store, for in the minds of many it is second to no American tale. Its faults, I imagine, are those which will to some extent at least disfigure the coming literature of Washington—imagination and the worship of the ideal may be carried too far. The greatest things were always truest.

THE OLIVE.

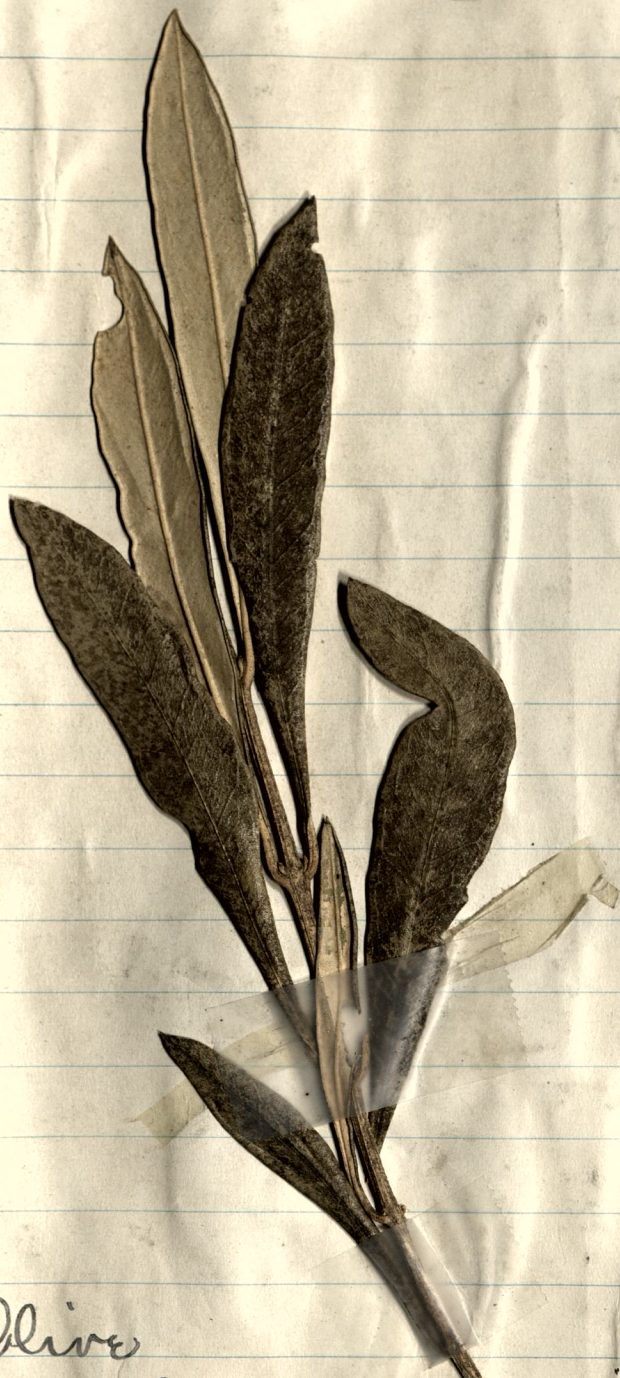
Some persons, ignorant of olive-trees, imagine that they wear a mysterious look of antiquity, but an olive-tree is not at all remarkable in appearance. In youth it is slim and straight, with delicate leaves of silver-green, and berries that change from green to purplish black.

and by pouring on water, an inferior quality of oil may be produced.

The pure oil is passed through five or six boxes, each with a bottom of cotton batting. After the last straining it is of a clear, light golden color, and is bottled. If it is exposed to the sunlight and bleached, or if artificial heat is used, its quality is injured.

A simple method of testing the purity of the oil is to put a little in a glass and add a few drops of sulphuric acid. Pure oil will become slightly rose-colored, while impure will grow almost as black as ink.

MARY P. SAWYER.



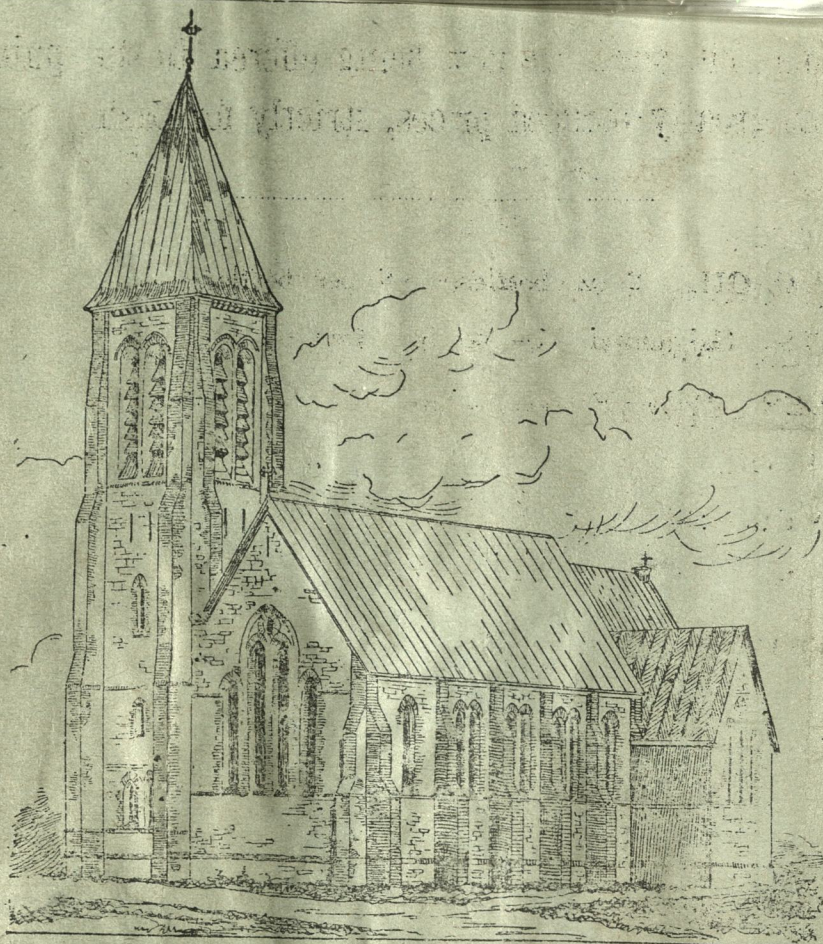
Olive
From the Old Mission
San Diego

No. 1
Falkland

Rev. E. C. Aspinall.

*Hon. Canon
Christ Church Cathedral,
Falkland Islands.*

EDITOR: THE REV. CANON ASPINALL.



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

CLERGY.—Very Rev. Lowther E. Brandon M. A. Dean and Colonial Chaplain.
Rev. E. C. Aspinall, Canon of Christ Church Cathedral.

SELECT VESTRY.—Mr. W. C. Girling, Minister's Church-warden and Honorary Secretary.

Mr. F. J. Hardy, People's Church-warden.

Mr. Thos. Binnie, Honorary Treasurer.

Mr. Joseph Aldridge and Mr. J. Kirwan

Mr. Arthur Hardy.

Sidesmen.

On June 12th H. E. the Governor handed to Captain John H. Kelway a gold watch and chain, and to W. Ratcliffe, John R. Ratcliffe (father and son) and John Alazia gold medals presented by the President of the United States in recognition of services rendered to the crew of the American ship, *John R. Kelly*, which was wrecked in Port William on the night of May 26th of last year.

It would be more correct to say that these honours are in recognition of services attempted to be rendered, for, as is well known, the steam launch was quite unable to make any headway against the storm in Port William, and she failed to get within some miles of the wreck.

No explanation is offered as to why Mr. Wilmer, the Government Pilot, who was one of the would be rescuers was not the recipient of a medal.

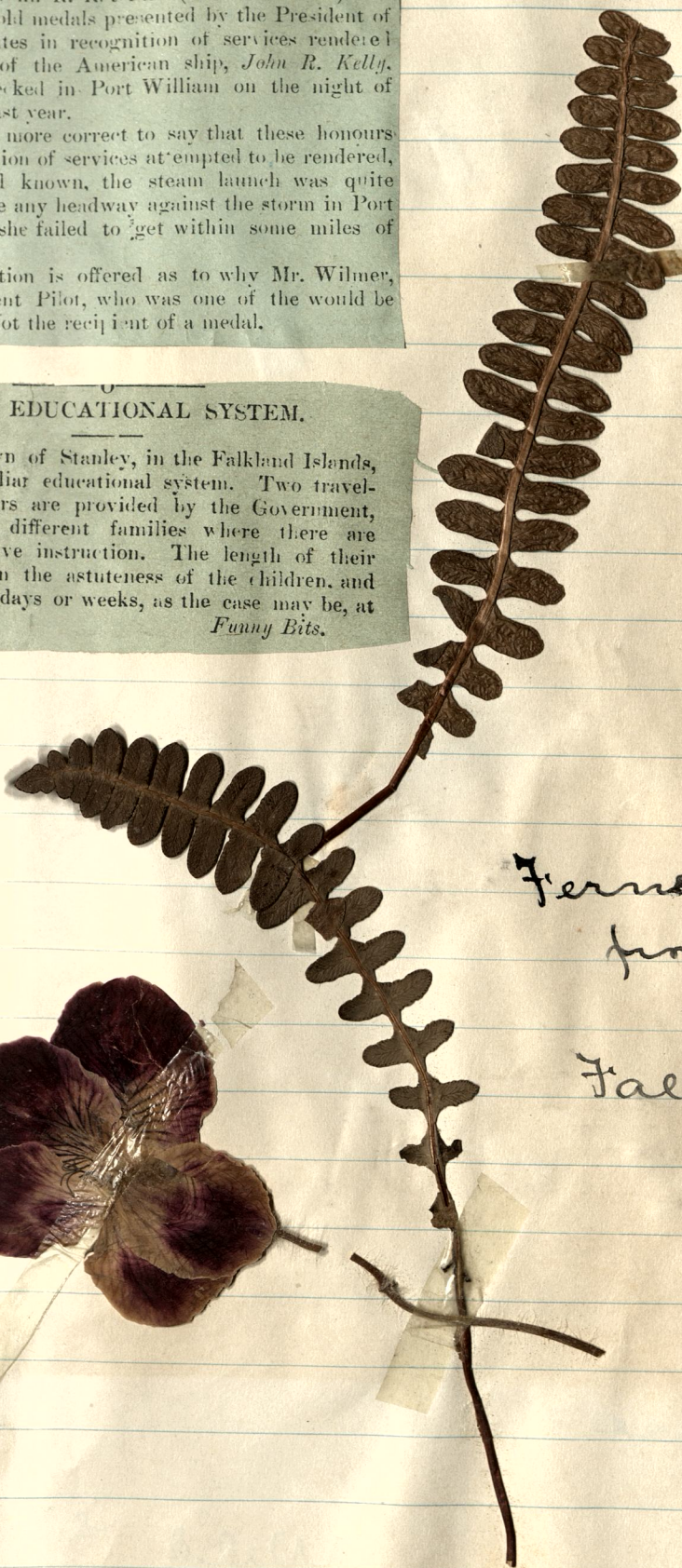
NOVEL EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

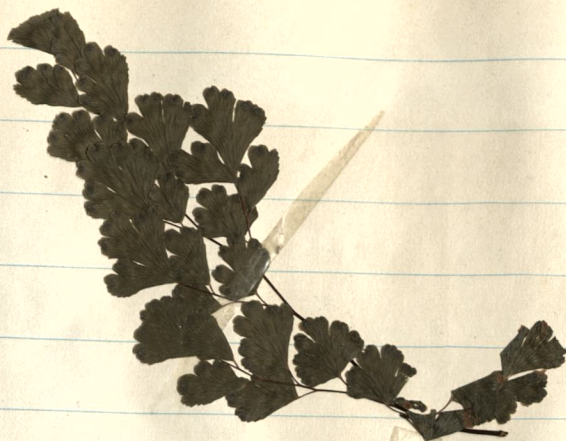
THE little town of Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, possesses a peculiar educational system. Two traveling schoolmasters are provided by the Government, who visit the different families where there are children and give instruction. The length of their visit depends on the astuteness of the children, and they may spend days or weeks, as the case may be, at one house alone.

Funny Bits.



Ferns
from
the
Falklands

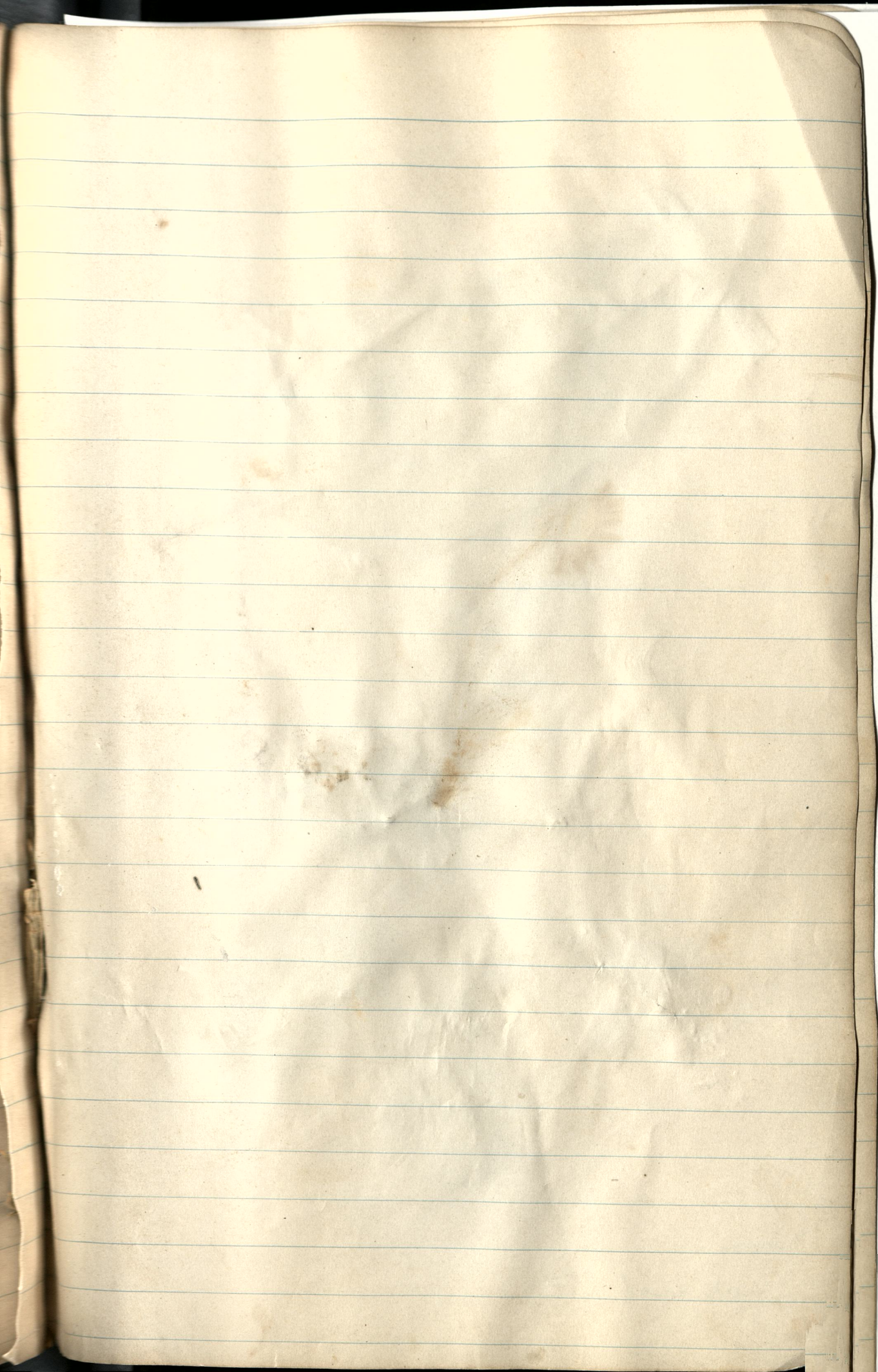


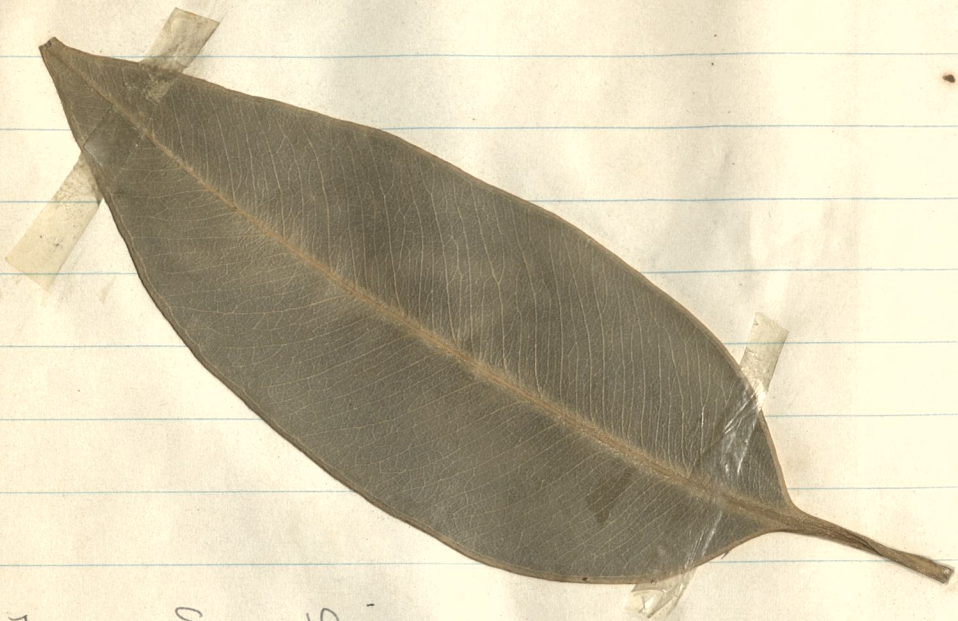


English Daisy

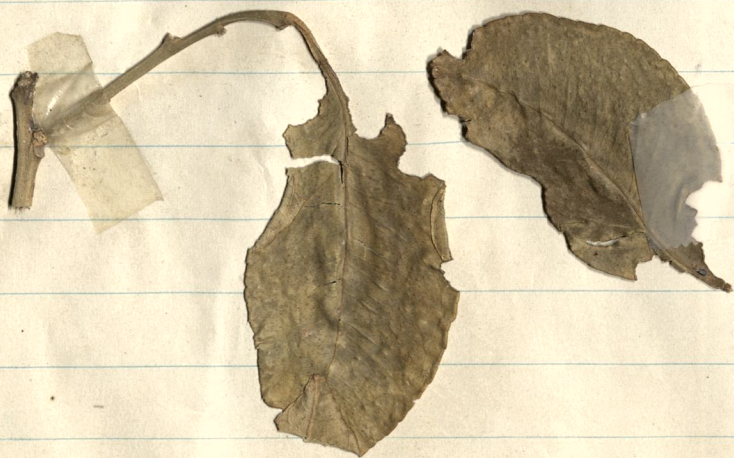
Gorse

Wild Silene of
the Fellslands

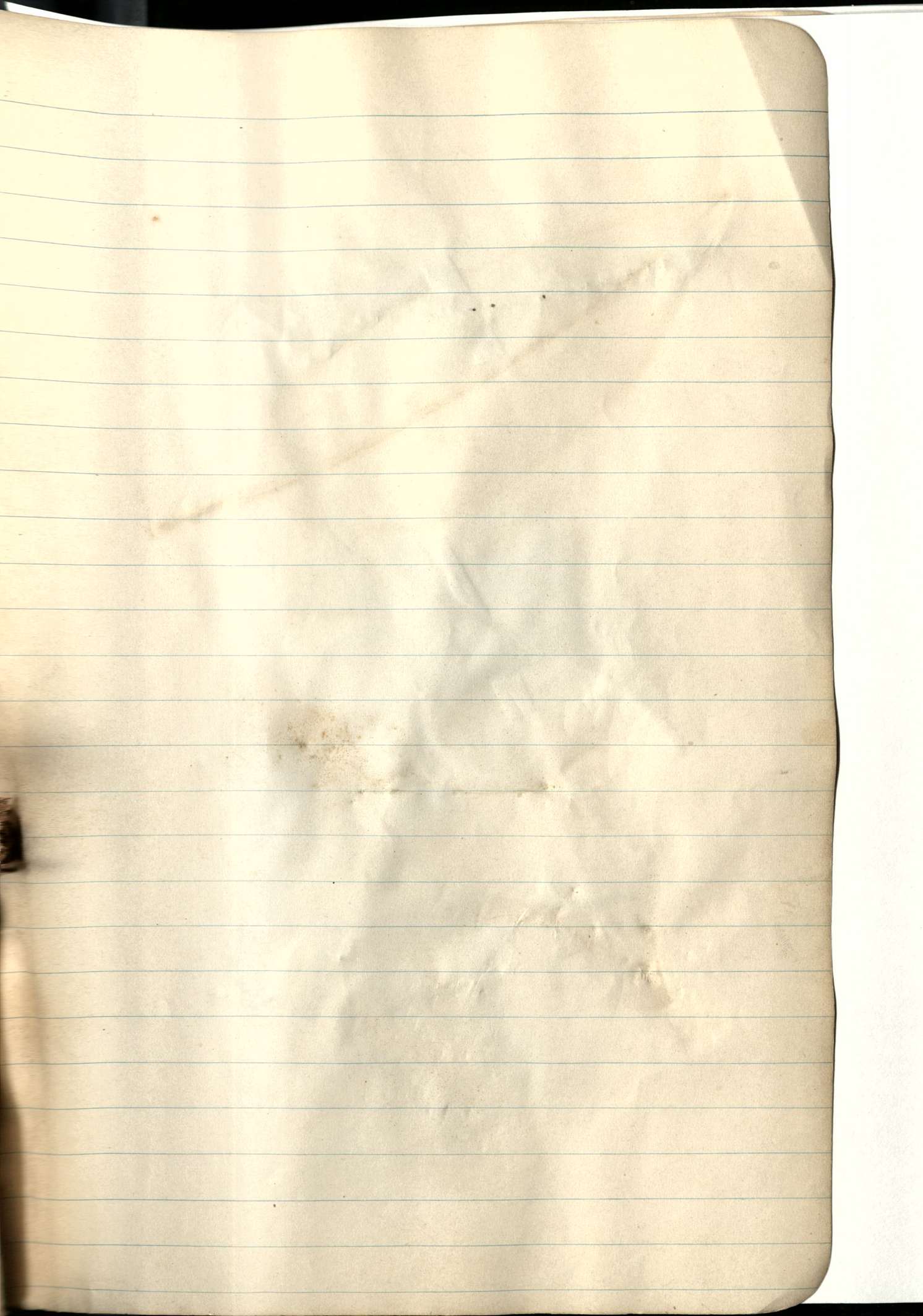


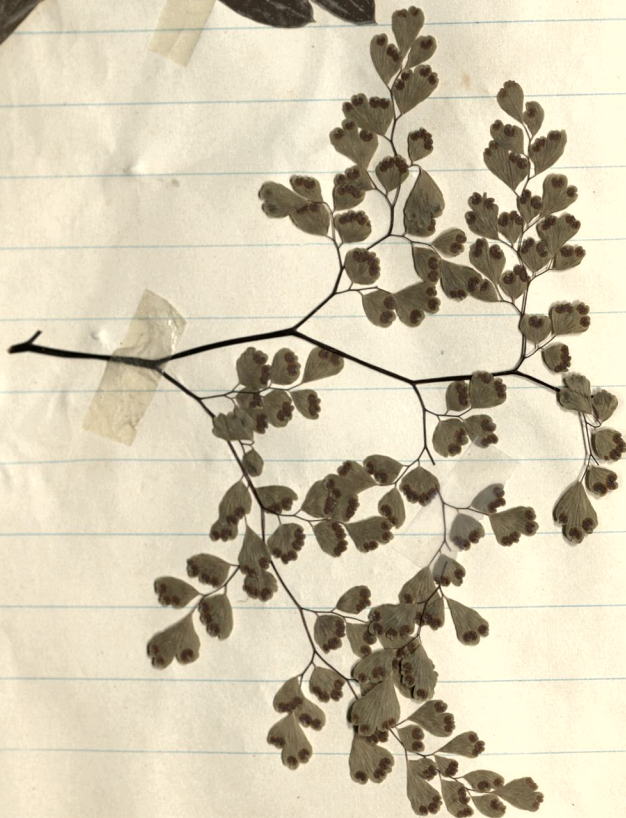
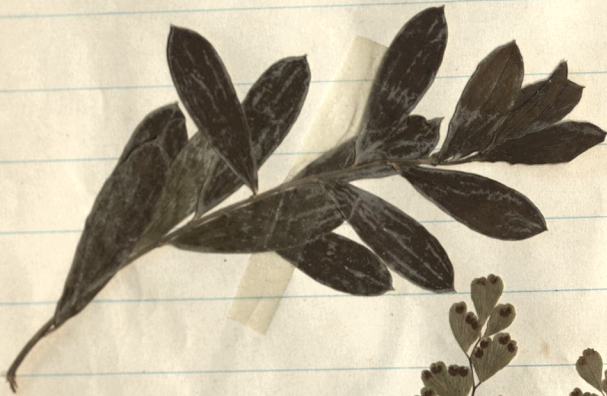
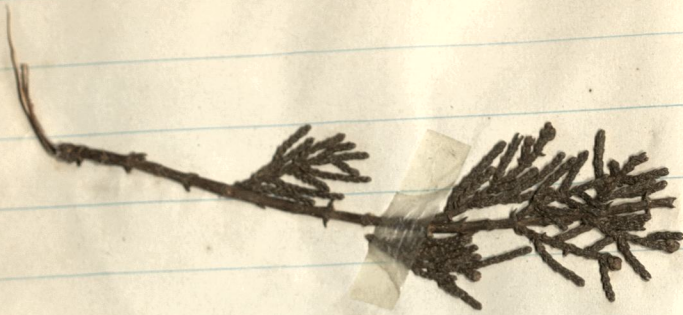


From San Diego

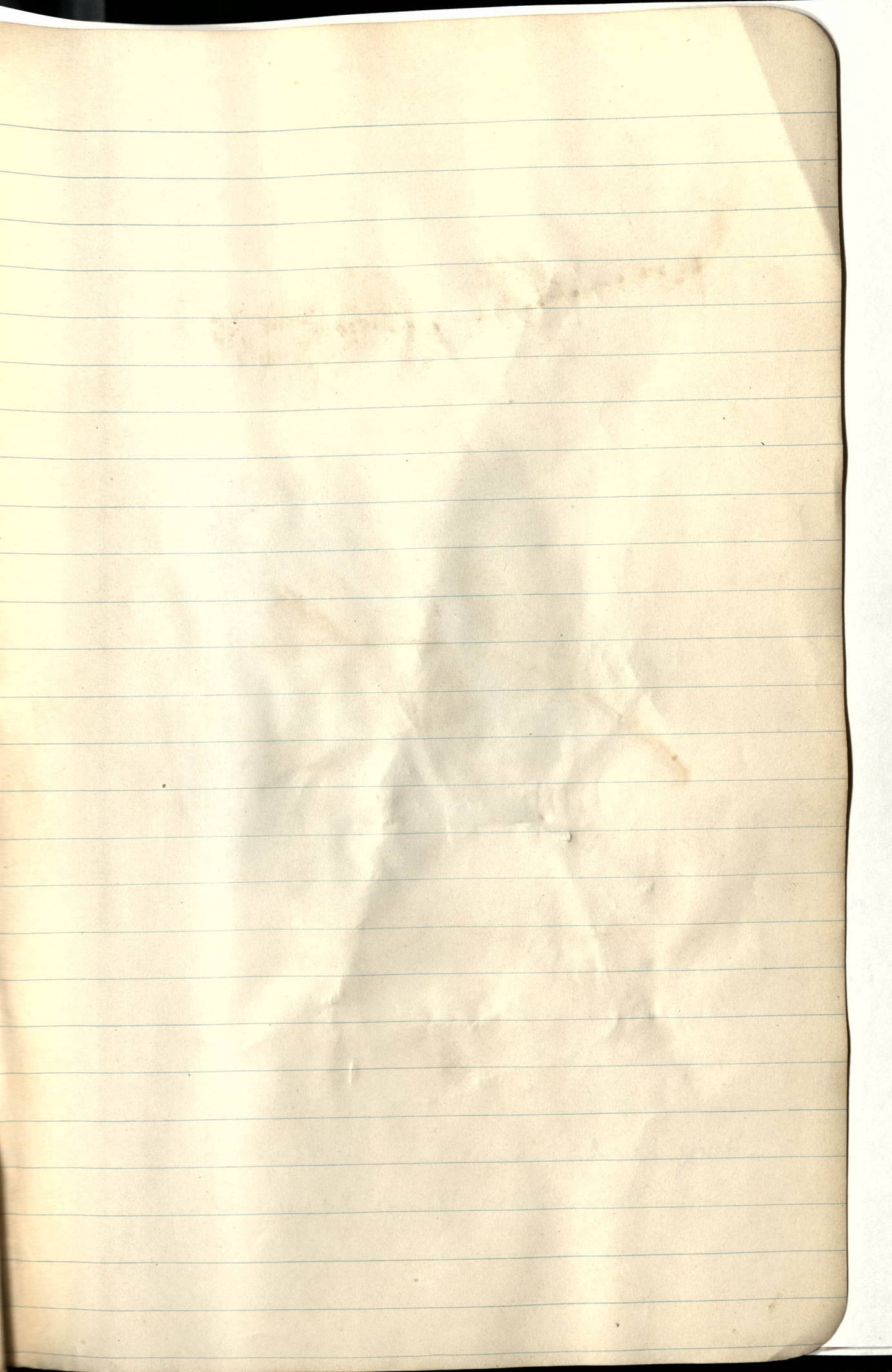


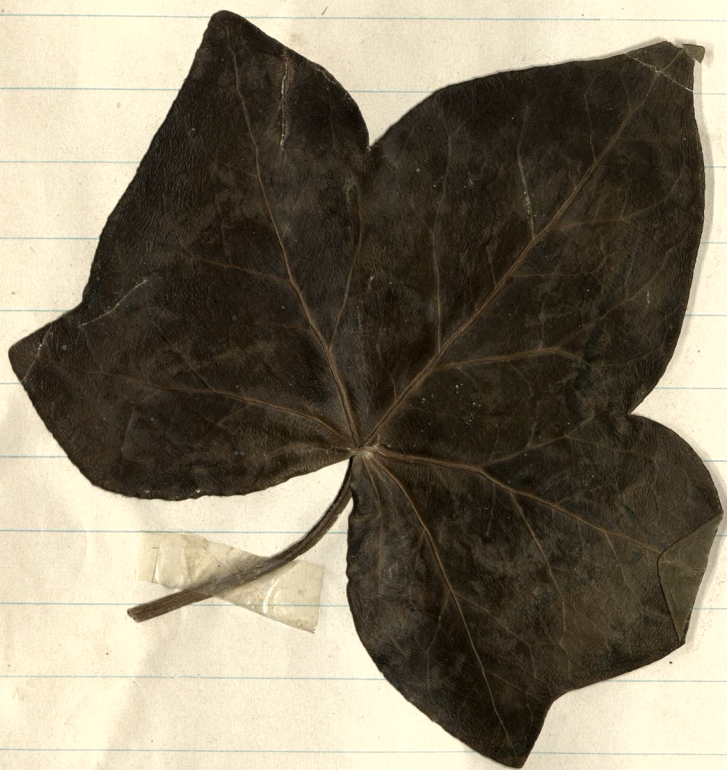
From
National City.



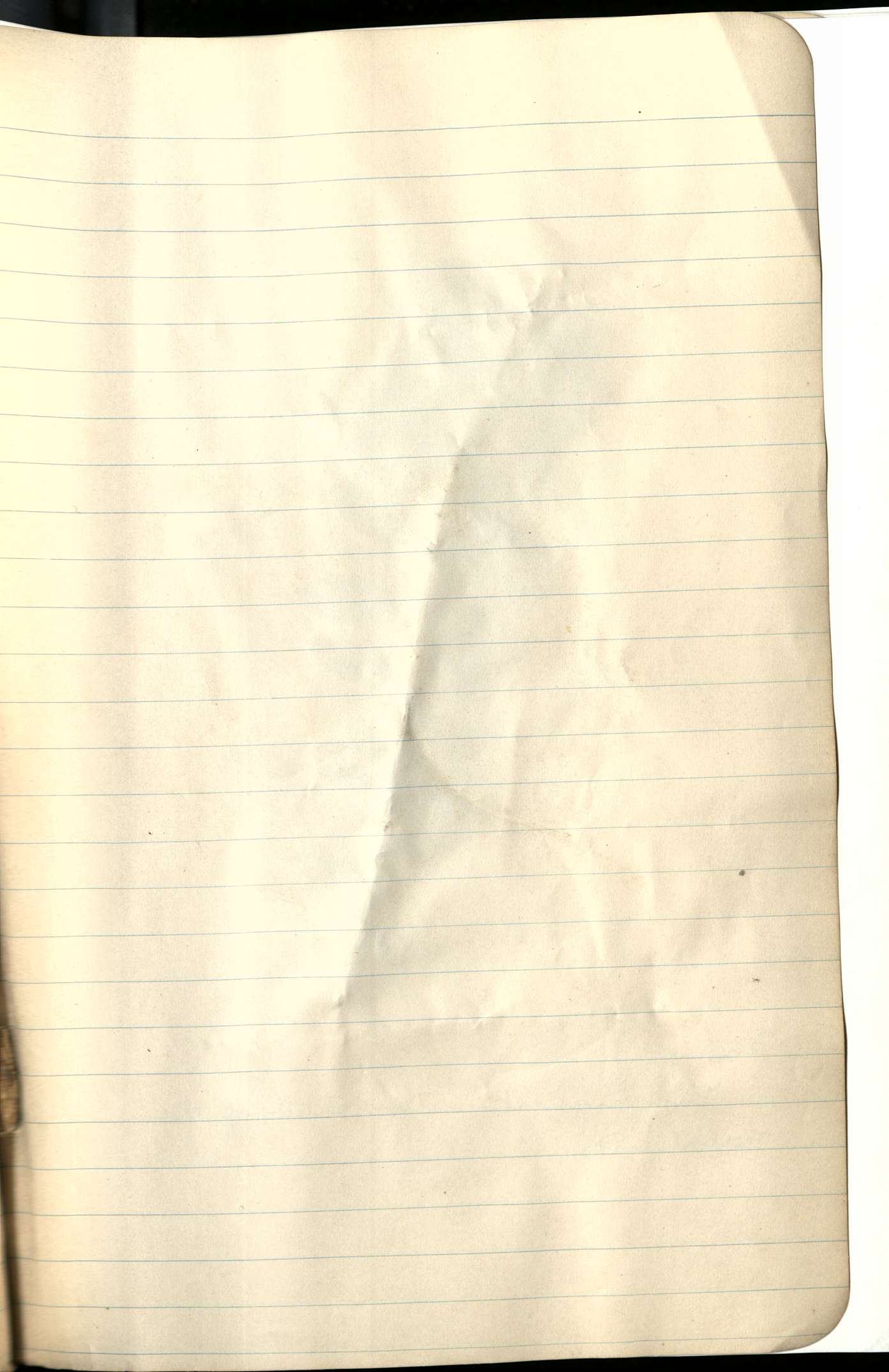


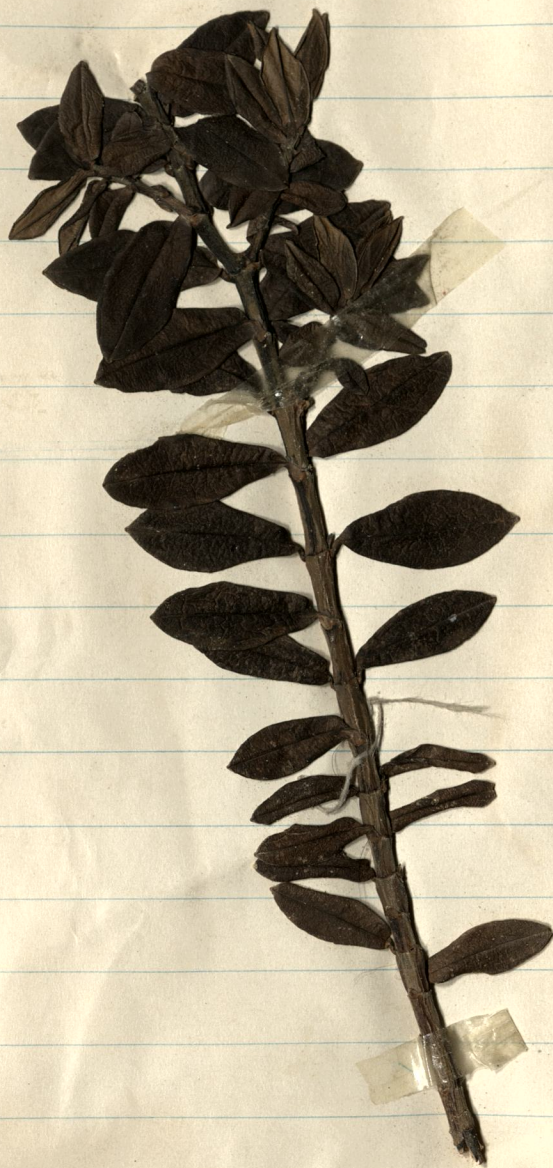
From Golden Gate Park.





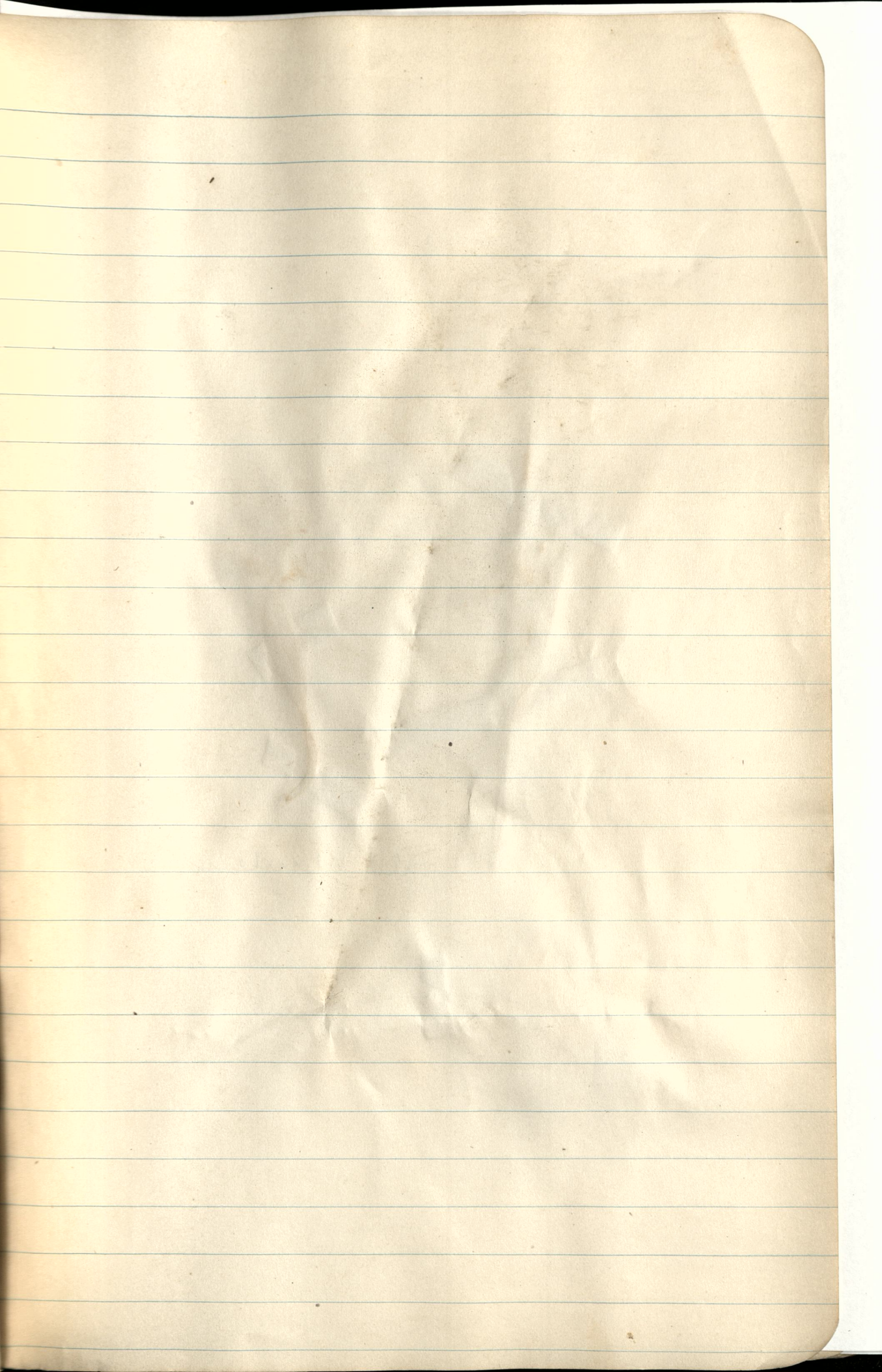
Ivy leaf
From Mrs. Bigg's conservatory





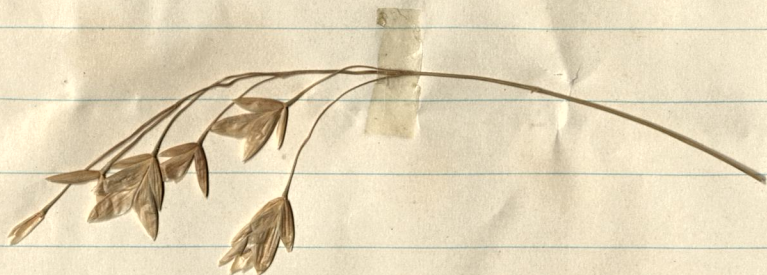
Bot.

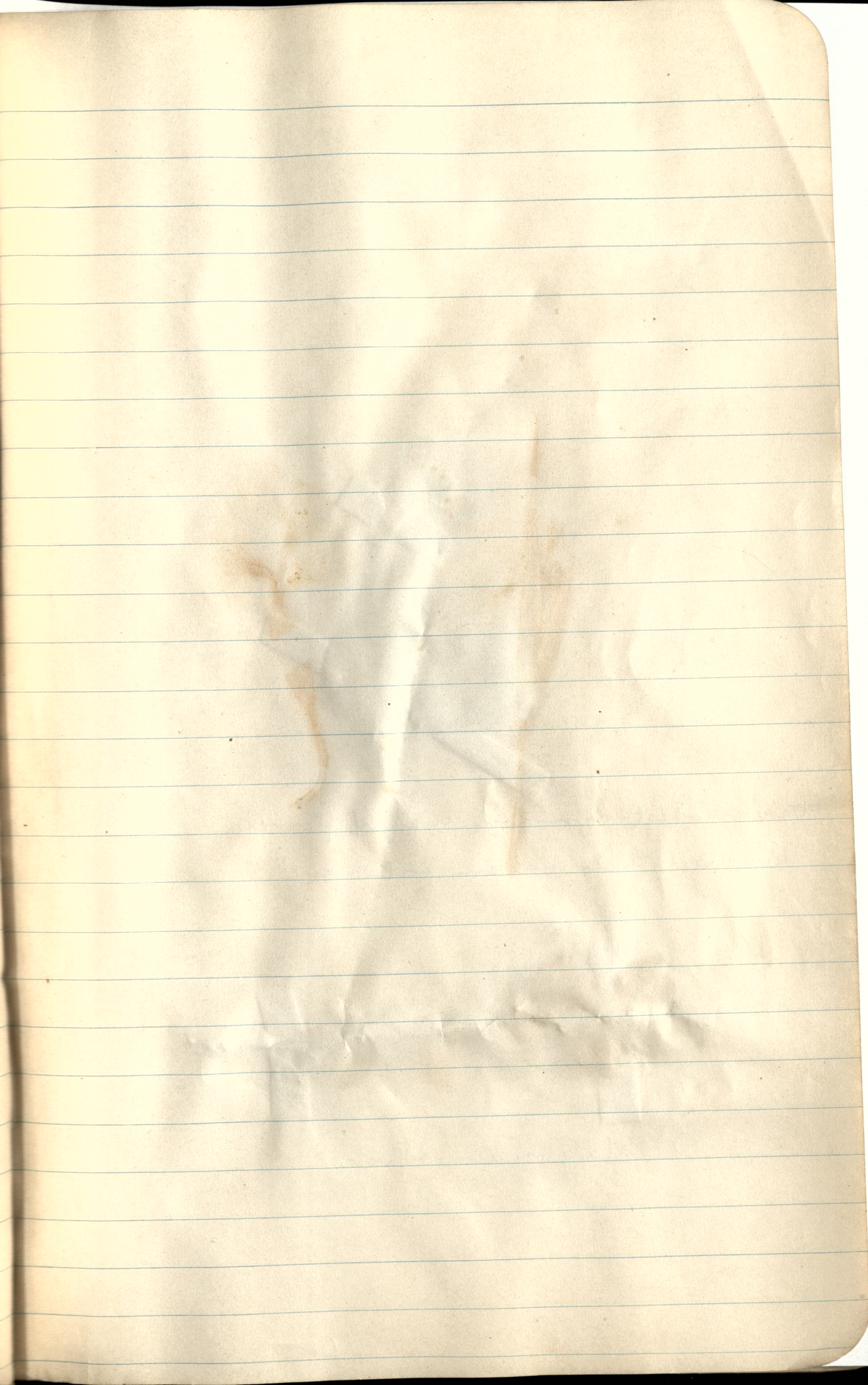
The highest native shrub of the
Falklands.

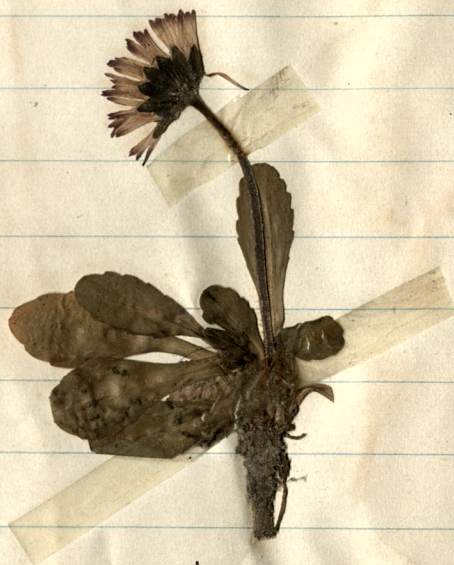




Pale Maiden.



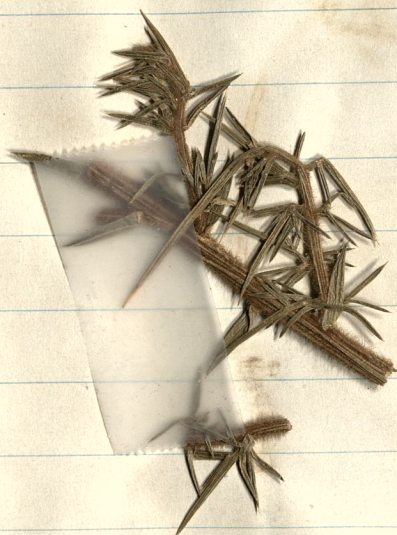




"Was, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
I've met thee in an evil hour"



A Patagonian shrub.



The "Kelly" so long a mournful looking object to possess arriving in the Colony for the first time, has at last disappeared. One of the spring gales broke her up and Mr. Charles Williams was kept busy for a long time getting the fragments brought to Stanley.

THE *PEGASUS* gave an entertainment on the 9th—a few days before leaving—proceeds £12 14 0, going to the Stanley Clock and Bell Tower. The best part of the audience was delighted with the piano and violin performance of Lieut. Cherry and Mr. Parsons.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| 1. March. | "Double Eagle." | Lieut. Cherry. |
| 2. Song. | "The Three Hats." | Blackmore. |
| 3. Song. | "The Queen's Navee." | Hill. |
| 4. Violin Solo. | "Mazur." | Mr. Parsons. |
| 5. Song. | "Perhaps." | C. Minshall. |
| 6. Song. | "Queen of the Earth." | Lewis. |
| 7. Mandoline Solo. | "Soldiers of the Queen." | Florence. |
| 8. Song. | "Job Lot." | Ellis. |

PART II.

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Piano Selection. | from "La Poupee. | Lieut Cherry. |
| 2. Song. | "While London Sleeps." | Woods. |
| 3. Banjo Duet. | | Clarke & Ellis. |
| 4. Song & Dance. | "Faces." | Foley. |
| 5. Song. | "Whisper and I shall hear." | Ellis. |
| 6. Violin Solo. | "Shepherds Dance." | Mr. Parsons. |
| 7. Song. | "My only Daughter." | Blackmore. |
| 8. Song.. | "Sailor's Home." | Hill. |

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

"CYRUS WAKEFIELD." The *Cyrus Wakefield* sailed on July 6th with a west wind; Captain Chapman and his mate took charge of her, several of his old crew sailed with him; the first mate and several of the crew of the *Cyrus Wakefield* returned to the United States by mail.

attack them even in the night. The sheep also fall into holes, of which there are many all over the islands. It is the shepherd's business to get them out. They have to be dipped to keep off the scab, and at shearing time, which lasts two months, they are driven to the wool shed and shorn. They are not washed, as are our sheep, before shearing. The wool is carefully cut off, put into bales 600 to 800 pounds, covered with bagging hooped with iron, and shipped thus to London for sale. Most of the sheep are of the short and Australian breeds.

SPRING.

Now August's dreary days are done,
September will to-morrow be.
The birds begin to build their nests,
They sing with joy the Spring to see.

The lark above with soaring wings
His never tiring song of glee,
A pleasant song it is to hear,
It seems to say "Remember me."

The wild flowers have begun to peep
Their tiny heads above the ground,
It seems to say in birds and flowers,
That Summer will soon peep around.

The lambkins on the hillside play,
It is a pleasant sight to see,
The One above makes all rejoice
The Spring and Summer maketh He.

Then one and all should thankful be
For all the mercies that He gives,
And well I know this heart of mine
Will ever praise him while I live.

Come let us one and all rejoice
For every thing He does provide,
Let heart and mind for ever turn
To the dear Saviour crucified.

Farewell, the evening's closing fast,
May blessings to us ever bring
And lead us more and more each day
To love and serve our Heavenly King.

FROM THE WEST.

GIBRALTAR OF CAPE HORN.

IMPORTANCE OF BRITAIN'S NEW NAVAL STATION ON THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, October 2nd 1898.

I have come to the Falkland Islands because they promise to be one of the new centers of the world in the near future. Their governor tells me that it is true that Great Britain will probably establish a naval and coaling station at Port Stanley. The necessary surveys have been made and within a few years at the farthest John Bull's gunboats will command the passage around Cape Horn and the entrance to the Straits of Magellan. The distance between Cape Virgins, the last point we saw of the South American continent, and the Falklands is only 300 miles, or less than a day's steam for one of England's fast war vessels. The Falklands lie even nearer the track of the sailing ships, about Cape Horn, so that these great trade routes, over which hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of freight goes every year, will practically be at the mercy of England.

Outside Punta Arenas, which is midway between the Magellans, there is no chance for coaling stations within a thousand miles of Port Stanley. Montevideo is a thousand miles north, and the Cape of Good Hope 4,250 miles away to the north east. Punta Arenas belongs to Chili, and by the neutrality laws it could not furnish coal except in peace, and then it will charge exorbitant prices, as it did in the case of the *Oregon*. The establishment of a naval station here will bring a protest from the Argentine Republic. It has for years claimed the Falklands as a part of its territory, so that altogether the prospect for trouble, diplomatic and otherwise, is refreshing.

AN INTERESTING LOCALITY.

I find the Falklands interesting. They are among the little known Islands of the Atlantic. Travellers seldom visit them. Their only connection with the outside world is by a German steamship line, which is under a subsidy from the English government to call once every three weeks to carry the mails. These ships come here on their way to and from Hamburg and the west coast of South America, so that the Falklander has a chance every six weeks to go to Europe via Montevideo, and on alternate six weeks to the Pacific via the Straits. Now and then a whaler or seal hunter comes to the islands and occasionally of late the English gunboats have been visiting them in the summer.

It was in one of the Kosmos steamers that I came from the Straits of Magellan to Port Stanley. We sailed one whole night along the north coast of the islands, for they extend from east to west about 200 miles. There are 200 of them, consisting of two large islands, and many so small that they do not even make a dot on the map. Some of the smaller islands are inhabited only by penguins, there being so many of these curious birds that the governor of the Falklands has been called the king of the penguins.

The islands altogether have about two-thirds as much land as the state of Massachusetts, and East and West Falkland, the two larger islands, are about five times as big as Rhode Island. All of the larger islands are covered with sheep farms, of such immense size that twenty-seven men, it is said, own the whole country. The total population is about 2,000, and over 1,900 of these work in one way or another for these twenty-seven men. The inhabitants are nearly all Scotchmen and the islands are a little slice of Scotland in the South Atlantic.

SHEEP FARMS.

The pasturage of the islands comprises 2,225,000 acres. Upon them more than three-quarters of a million of the finest sheep in the world are feeding, and from them a half million dollars' worth of wool is exported every year. One company alone has 240,000 sheep and the man who owns less than 25,000 sheep is considered a very small farmer indeed.

Outside of sheep raising there are no other industries. There are only fifty pigs in the whole territory, and

The "Kelly" so long a mournful looking object to possess arriving in the Colony for the first time, has at last disappeared. One of the spring gales broke her up and Mr. Charles Williams was kept busy for a long time getting the fragments brought to Stanley.

though the grass is good for cattle, there are but few in the Falklands. Not enough wheat is raised to make a Maryland biscuit, and the only sign of agriculture is the little garden of cabbages, potatoes and turnips which you see back of each of the houses of the shepherds on the moors, at the capital, Port Stanley, and at the other small settlements scattered here and there.

The Falklands are a very cave of Aeolus. The cold winds blow almost all day and every day. They sometimes blow, it is said, the vegetables out of the ground. They blow so hard that not a tree can live, and to-day there are not enough bushes here to furnish the switches for a country school.

The pasture however grows luxuriantly and the sheep keep fat if the land is not overstocked. They breed so fast that tens of thousands are killed and thrown into the sea, their skins only being saved. There is a curious grass here which acts as tonic as well as a food for the animals eating it. It is to sheep and cattle a sort of vegetable cocktail. It is called tussock grass. It has a stalk from four to six feet long. The plants grow in bunches close together, as many as 250 roots springing from one plant. Animals eat the roots as well as the leaves, and, feeding upon them speedily become fat. The roots are even eaten by men and it is said that two Americans once lived for fourteen months upon them on one of the smaller islands. The roots decay in the old plants and raise the grass upward, so that it grows upon a cushion of manure as it were. Some of these cushions are six feet high and five feet in diameter, so that the grass springing from them makes them look in the distance like a grove of low palm trees. This tussock grass grows along the coast even down to high water mark. It is fast disappearing, however, as the sheep are so fond of it that they eat it far down into the roots.

Another curious plant grows in the bogs. This looks like a stone. It forms in bunches as hard as a rock, and from three to eight feet tall. It is so hard that you cannot cut it with a sharp knife. On hot days a pale yellow gum comes out on its surface and a rich aromatic odor fills the surrounding air. It is known here as the balsam bog.

A DREARY LAND.

It is always cloudy in the Falklands. The air is moist and the aspect of nature is dreary in the extreme. Imagine a dull, leaden sky hanging low over reddish brown moors, out of which here and there jut the ragged teeth of white rock masses, and you have a general idea of the Falkland Island landscape. The Islands are gently rolling, with here and there a ragged hill; the land is as black as your hat, full of peat, and here and there streaked with little streams and spotted with treacherous bogs in which horses and men are sometimes lost. The ground is so soggy, in fact, that wagons cannot be used. There is not a four-wheeled vehicle in the whole country. Carts can be used only in Port Stanley. All travel is done on horseback, and a stranger cannot go from one sheep farm to another without a horse. Such hauling as is done by the shepherds is on

sledges dragged over the wet but snowless ground by horses. All herding of sheep is done upon horses and with shepherd dogs, which are raised and trained for the purpose.

Notwithstanding all this, the islands are excellent for cattle and sheep. The latitude here is about that of Holland, and the animals feed out all the year round. Before sheep were introduced the islands fairly swarmed with wild cattle and wild horses. About forty years ago it is estimated that there were 80,000 wild cattle on the island. Now these have all disappeared and almost that many sheep have taken their places. The wild cattle were the first cause of the settlement of the islands. A rich cattle and hides dealer of Montevideo named Lafone bought the right to the southern part of East Falkland and all of the wild cattle on the islands in 1844 for 50,000dols. down and the the promise to pay 100,000dols. additional in ten years from 1852. In this deal he got over 600,000 acres of land and the skins of the wild cattle.

In 1852 he sold out his property to the Falkland Islands company for 150,000 dols. and since then this company has been the leading power in the Falklands. It has bought more land, and it now probably has more than a million acres. It has about 300,000 sheep and it has a sailing vessel which goes to London once a year to carry its wool and bring back the canned goods, clothes, sheep farming implements and other things required by the islands. It has a line of boats which periodically make the round of the islands, carrying the farmers such goods as they order and bringing their wool to Stanley for shipment to Europe. The wool is put up in bales just as we bale cotton. Much of it goes to the markets by the regular steamers. That on which I came is now loading in the harbor. It will take on 1,200 bales of 650 pounds each, which at 10 cents a pound, the price it will bring in London, will make the cargo worth 80,000 dollars.

AMONG THE SHEPHERDS.

It does not take many shepherds to care for these large flocks of sheep. The farms are divided up into fields of several thousand acres each and fenced with wire fences, so that all the shepherds have to do is to ride about among the sheep. His life is spent upon horseback, each shepherd being supplied with six horses. The shepherd watches the flock, he takes the sheep out of the bogs when they fall in and turns them over if they fall down. The sheep here, as in Patagonia, are large and fat, some of the wethers weighing from 80 to 100 pounds. When such sheep roll upon their backs they cannot get up. If left alone in this condition they would lie and kick until they died, were it not that they are killed by the birds. The buzzards here hover over the sheep. They watch them day and night, and the

moment a sheep is on its back they swoop down upon it and pick out its eyes. They keep picking at it until it dies in agony. An hour or so later they have ripped its skin open and torn the flesh from its bones. The shepherds tell me it is incredible how the buzzards find the sheep almost the moment they fall and that they

attack them even in the night. The sheep also fall into holes, of which there are many all over the islands. It is the shepherd's business to get them out. They have to be dipped to keep off the scab, and at shearing time which lasts two months, they are driven to the wool shed and shorn. They are not washed, as are our sheep, before shearing. The wool is carefully cut off, put into bales 600 to 800 pounds, covered with bagging hooped with iron, and shipped thus to London for sale. Most of the sheep are of the cheviot and Australian breed. They give heavy fleeces, the average being from eight to ten pounds, and running from that up to twenty-one pounds, which was the actual weight of a fleece cut off this season.

A LONELY LIFE.

This life of the Shepherds must be a lonely one. They are, you know, all Scotchmen, who have been brought out here from Scotland for the purpose. Most of them are married and have large families. Their houses are scattered over the farms from fifteen to twenty miles apart. They are usually built near a little inlet, where the company's boat can bring their supplies, and near a peat bed. The proprietor pays each shepherd from 25dols. to 35dols. a month and furnishes his meat and fuel. The meat is mutton, which he can take from the flock, and the fuel is peat, which he must dig out for himself. In addition to this he has a garden patch and with mutton and vegetables he does very well. His flour and other things he must buy. His home is a little cottage of two rooms and a lean-to, roofed with corrugated iron. One room serves as a kitchen and living room and in the other the family sleeps. If there is an overflow or a guest the loft or attic is also used as a bedroom. The cooking is done in a curious oven-like pot, which is shelved under a grate set in the stone wall of a chimney or fireplace. The fuel is peat and the hot ashes fall down upon the pot and around it. The pot is tightly closed at the top and it serves for boiling, baking and stewing. The shepherd has mutton as a steady diet. He has mutton chops for breakfast, roast mutton for dinner and a slice of cold mutton for supper or lunch. The shepherds seldom leave their farms and the women almost never. I heard of one woman who has not been to town for eighteen years. Her last visit was when she came to Port Stanley to be married. Think of living away out on the dreariest, under the dreariest sky, in a two roomed cottage, with no neighbours within fifteen miles and of coming into town once in eighteen years. ????

TRAVELLING SCHOOLMASTERS.

You would think the children brought up under such conditions would be wild and uneducated. They are not.

CYRUS WAKEFIELD ARRIVES AT
SAN FRANCISCO.

The following is compiled from the Examiner and the Call of San Francisco.

The overdue ship Cyrus Wakefield which for the past two months has caused much uneasiness among shipping men, was towed into the harbor this morning, looking as fresh and as clean as though she had just been launched. Her long voyage is accounted for by the fact that after she left Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, she sailed eastward and entered the Pacific by way of the Cape of Good Hope instead of battling against the prevailing westerly gales in making a passage around Cape Horn.

The voyage of the Cyrus Wakefield was one full of disaster. She left New York 221 days ago, in command of Captain Henry, who had First Mate Williamson and Second Mate Johnson to assist him.

Off Cape Horn gale after gale was encountered and the ship labored heavily and then began to leak. Every few hours during the storm the pumps had to be manned, and with the seas breaking over the vessel it became dangerous work. On June 15th the ship was running before an easterly gale and was making good progress toward the Pacific, when the storm suddenly chopped around and began to pile up waves from the southwest. That made a heavy cross sea, and the utmost care had to be taken to keep the vessel from being swamped by the great mass of water that tumbled on her decks.

During the dog watch that evening the captain and second mate Johnson were on the deck. The ship was making water rapidly, and the mate called for volunteers to take the dangerous task of manning the pumps. Captain Henry stood clinging to a low rail just at the break of the poop, where he could watch the sea and give warning to the men to run for shelter whenever a sea threatened to break over the rail. Several times he called to the men to jump for the rigging to escape the rush of water while they were at work, and they had just completed their work when a wave towered high above the starboard quarter and tumbled on the poop, washing forward in its rush, smashing the rail to which the captain clung and threw him forward down on the deck. The captain, injured and rendered insensible by the fall, was washed forward along the deck. As the captain floated by he was grasped by one of the men just in time to save him from going overboard. In the darkness it was

thought the injured man was one of the sailors, and not until the form was carried by the sailor and the second mate into the cabin was it found that it was the captain who had been injured. An hour afterward Captain Henry died of his injuries.

First officer Williamson then took command and ordered that the body of the captain be buried at sea, and the vessel run to Montevideo and the owners of the ship notified of the fatality. Second mate Johnson insisted that the vessel be run to Port Stanley, where the body of the captain could be given a burial on land, and where the vessel could sooner be placed at the disposal of her owners. The crew agreed with the second mate.

Williamson, however, was preparing to carry out his orders, when Mate Johnson buckled on a revolver and informed the first officer that if the body of the commander went overboard the body of the first mate would go with it. Williamson hesitated, then agreed to run to Port Stanley, and take the body of the late commander to that port.

The tale of the death of Captain Henry is thus told by Steward Thomas Visiga: "The captain and mate were always quarreling," said he yesterday. "Mate Williamson did not like the old man, and told him so on numerous occasions. On the night of the killing the mate took a hammer from the carpenter at a quarter to 7 and when he came down from the poop he still had the hammer in his hand and there was blood on it. I had supper on the table, and I said, 'Will you have something to eat, Mr. Williamson?' and he said, 'By and by,' and went into his room. Ten minutes later I asked him again, and he said, 'By and by I will send two men to help you.' When we got into Port Stanley the mate took possession of the ship's money and paid off the man who was at the wheel when the captain and mate were quarreling near the wheelhouse. He also paid off the four men who took refuge in the rigging just before the sea broke aboard and who had seen every thing that took place. Then he left the ship himself and Captain Chapman of the John R. Kelley took command. Captain Henry's head was terribly battered and I am certain he never got the wounds by being washed from the after-house to the deck. I think the mate tried to kill him with a hammer and finished him with a dose of laudanum."

The remains of Captain Henry are now aboard the Cyrus Wakefield and an autopsy may show whether the wounds on the head were accidental or inflicted with a hammer.

Williamson left the vessel at Port Stanley. Captain Chapman, whose vessel, the John R. Kelley, was wrecked in the harbor at the port by her anchors dragging in a gale, took command of the ship as soon as she was repaired. His wife and daughter and daughter's teacher accompanied him, and he brought the ship to her destination by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

Captain Chapman, the present commander of the Cyrus Wakefield,

is accompanied by his wife and daughter and Miss Lydia F. Keene, who is acting as governess and companion for Miss Chapman. They all left New York for San Francisco in the John R. Kelley and had a delightful voyage until Cape Horn was reached. There very heavy weather was encountered and the vessel sprang a leak. Captain Chapman decided to run into Port Stanley for repairs and reached Port William in safety on May 24. The next day, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Chapman and Miss Keene, he went ashore at Stanley to enter his ship. The party had not been an hour ashore before a sudden storm came up and the Kelley parting her anchors was driven ashore on a reef. Almost before the watchers on the beach could express their consternation the ship's back was broken and the waves were washing over her fore and aft. The men took to the rigging and were finally rescued, but the ship became a total wreck.

Everything that the captain and his family owned in the world went down in the wreck and just as they were prepared to take passage for Valparaiso the Cyrus Wakefield put into port with Captain Henry dead. Captain Chapman then took command and brought the Wakefield to San Francisco. He reported to the owners that the ship was strained and that he would come here via the Cape of Good Hope. The voyage from Stanley was uneventful except that on November 11th, David Dean one of the crew, fell overboard and was drowned. The weather was clear at the time, but the ship was driving along at a twelve-knot clip, and before she could be brought up into the wind and a boat lowered the man had disappeared.

FELTON.—ROWEN.

An exceedingly smart and pretty wedding for the time of the year, and one of great interest, was that of Mr. Jack Felton, eldest son of the Hon. J. J. Felton of Malvina House with Miss Wynnifred Rowen, daughter of Senator J. E. Rowen, United States Consul, which was celebrated in Christ Church Cathedral, Stanley on Tuesday afternoon April 30th.

The very Rev. Dean Brandon performed the ceremony, the service being choral.

The screen was tastefully decorated with trails of ivy and white clematis.

Mr. Louis Williams attended the bridegroom as best man.

The bride who was given away by her Father looked lovely in a gown of soft white Oriental Satin, the finely tucked bodice being finished off with a crepe de chine fichu, caught in front with orange blossom. It was cut low and filled in with delicate Brussels lace. The trained skirt was made with a tucked pointed tunic, edged with a flounce of Brussels lace, braided with pearls.

She wore a coronet of myrtle and orange blossom under a tulle veil, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of lilies, white roses and clematis, her only ornament being a pearl necklace, the gift of the bridegroom.

Her three bridesmaids were the Misses Evelyn and Viola Felton (sisters of the bridegroom) and Miss Cyssie Lellman, who wore becoming gowns of eau de nil bengaline silk, the trained skirts being trimmed with small frills edged with ruffles of white chiffon, the tucked bodices having white crepe de Chine yokes and chiffon fichus caught in front with

knots and long trails of Parma Violets, and being finished off with wide belts of Parma violet panne.

Their black velvet picture hats were trimmed with black feathers and Parma violets.

The bridegroom presented them with handsome pearl crescent and trefoil brooches.

Among those present at the wedding and afterwards at the reception held by Mrs Rowen at Waverley House were:— Their Excellencies the Governor and Mrs Grey-Wilson, the Hon. W. Hart-Bennett and Mrs Hart-Bennett, the Hon. Vere Packe and Mrs Packe, the Very Rev. Dean and Mrs Brandon, Mr. & Mrs G. P. Hayes, the Hon. W. A. Harding & Mrs Harding, Dr. & Mrs Jameson, Mrs C. K. Blount, the Hon. S. Hamilton, Mrs C. Secombe Williams, the Hon. J. J. Felton & Mrs Felton, Miss A. Felton, Mr. M. Craigie-Halkett, Mr. & Mrs W. C. Girling, Mon. Bossier, Mrs & the Misses Bertrand, Rev. P. J. O'Grady, Mr. & Mrs J. Turner, Mrs & Miss Lellman, Mr. & Mrs G. Turner, Mr. G. J. Turner, Mr. & Mrs Durose, Miss Durose, Mr. & Mrs Lewis, Miss Lewis, the Misses Broome, etc.

Later the young couple left in the R.M.S. "Oropesa" for Buenos Aires where the honeymoon will be spent.

The bride took her departure in a blue cloth gown with strappings of dark blue silk, the bodice having revers and vest of white silk. A large black velvet picture hat completed her costume.

The presents were numerous and handsome.

The Weddings. It is not often that 2 pretty weddings follow each other so closely as did those on the 29th. and 30th. The weather was fairly fine on both days—at least it did not rain, tho' the wind was cold.

Mr. W. Luxton and Miss Maud Smith were married on Monday morning at 11. a. m. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. J. Felton and Miss Rowen were married. The first part of the ceremony was on both occasions at the Church steps, the latter part at the altar rails. The choir was present in fair numbers, so the service was choral and hymns 350 and 578 were sung.

On Wednesday May 1st, the mail arrived in the morning and after a snowstorm lasting an hour sailed again in the afternoon in bright sunshine bearing away the happy couples. Mr. and Mrs. Felton to Buenos Aires and Mr. and Mrs. Luxton to England. Numerous others left at the same time—Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand and family and Mr. Mrs. and Miss Messervy for England for good, Miss Felton, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Jas. Turner, Miss Abbridge, Mrs. Jameson and 2 children for some months.

